UMI - 1

CONTEMPLATIONS OF THE State of Man IN THIS LIFE, And in That which is to come.

Inveni portam; Spes & Fortuna valete.

By JEREMY TAYLOR, D.D. and late Lord Bishop of *Down* and *Connor*.

The Fourth Edition.

LONDON:

Printed for *John Kidgel*, and are to be sold by *Randall Taylor* near *Stationers-Hall*, 1692.

UMI - 1994

TO THE

READER.

Courteous Reader,

I HAVE ſoberly conſider'd theſe Holy and Devout *Contemplations of the ſtate of Man in this Life, and in that which is to come*; I never Read any thing with more comfort, or which made a greater impreſſion upon my Soul. Therefore hoping they may have the like effect upon others, I commend them to all Perſons, who deſire Happineſs in this Life, or Bleſſedneſs in the future. Here thou mayeſt ſee the incertainty of Mortal Life, the inſtability of Human greatneſs, the Fate of King-

UMI - 1994

doms, the period of Empires; the Worlds Funeral; Time laid in the duſt; and the Dread and Horror of the laſt Judgment, Here thou mayſt have a proſpect of the Grandeur of Heaven, the Glory of the Bleſſed, and the Miſeries and Infelicities of the Damned. The due conſideration whereof will beget in thee Holineſs of Life; nothing can be of more conſequence (in theſe worſt of days) to promote thy future Happineſs and Glory. True Piety ſows the Seeds of the moſt ſolid greatneſs. Men endowed with Moral Virtues, they are like Diamonds, Rich, but Unpoliſhed; it's the fear of God that adds the true Luſtre, and ſets them fair.

In the ſervice of God, all the Items of Happineſs and Bleſſedneſs are ſummed up.

Doſt

Doſt thou deſire Riches? Serve God, and thou canſt never be poor. Doſt thou deſire preferment? Live a Holy and Devout Life (as theſe *Contemplations* are the beſt Introduction to it) and thou ſhalt go ἀπὸ δόξης εἰς δόξαν, from Grace to Glory; ~~Grave~~ Grace is *Aurora Gloriæ*; Glory, nothing but a bright Conſtellation of Graces; and Happineſs, nothing but the quinteſſence of Holineſs. I ſhall not detain thee longer, but beg of God that theſe holy *Contemplations* may ſo influence thy Soul, that thou mayſt be made partaker of that Eternal weight of Glory which is laid up for all thoſe that love and ſerve him.

I am thy Friend and
Servant in Chriſt Jeſus,

B. Hale, *D.D.*

UMI - 1994

TO THE READER.

Candid Reader,

THE *most Learned and Pious* Jeremy Taylor, *D. D. late Lord Biſhop of* Down *and* Connor *in* Ireland, *having left theſe Holy* Contemplations *in the Hands of a worthy Friend of his, with a full purpoſe to have Printed them, if he had lived; but ſince it hath pleaſed God to take that Devout and Holy Perſon to himſelf; the better to advance Devotion and Sanctity of Life, and to make Men leſs in love with this frail Life, and more with that which is Eternal, it is thought fit to make them publick. I beſeech God to conduct us all, by the many helps and aſſiſtances which he hath been graciouſly pleaſed to afford us, to further us in Piety and Holineſs of Life, is the Prayer of,*

Thy Friend,

Robert Harris.

UMI - 1

THE CONTENTS.

LIB. I.

Ch. 1. *Contemplations on Time, and of the State of Man in this Life.* Page 1.

Ch. 2. *All things on this ſide Heaven are inconſtant and Tranſitory.* 12.

Ch. 3. *All ſublunary things are contemptible, and of no volue.* 24.

Ch. 4. *The Vanity of Man.* 34.

Ch. 5. *The Miſeries of Temporal Life.* 46.

Ch. 6. *The end of Temporal Life.* 58.

Ch. 7. *Of Death, and the certainty of it.* 71.

Ch. 8. *Of that moment wherein we are to die, and Life to end.* 84.

Ch. 9. *The end of Temporal Life is terrible.* 89.

Ch. 10. *The end of all Time.* 107.

Ch. 11. *Of the laſt Day of Time, and of the Judgment which is to paſs upon all things in the World.* 122.

UMI - 1994

The Contents.

LIB II.

Ch. 1. *OF the Greatneſs of things Eternal.* Page 133

Ch. 2. *The Greatneſs of the Eternal Honor of the Juſt.* 139.

Ch. 3. *Of the Riches of the Eternal Kingdom of Heaven.* 147.

Ch. 4. *Of the Greatneſs of Eternal Pleaſures.* 155

Ch. 5. *The Excellency and Happineſs of the Souls and Bodies of the Juſt in the Life Eternal.* 165.

Ch. 6. *Conſiderations of Eternal Evils, and of the miſerable ſtate of the Damned.* 186.

Ch. 7. *Of the Slavery and Pains Eternal.* 210

Ch 8. *The Pains of the Powers of a Damned Soul.* 213.

Ch. 9. *The Fruit which may be drawn from the Conſideration of Eternal Evils.* 228

Ch. 10. *The infinite guilt of mortal Sin, by which we loſe the felicity of Heaven, and fall into Eternal Evils.* 234.

CON-

CONTEMPLATIONS OF THE STATE of MAN.

LIB. I.

CHAP. I.

Contemplations on Time, and of the State of Man in this Life.

ALL Philoſophers which have thought of the Nature of Time, and which with much ſubtilty have diſputed what it was; at length come to conclude, That they knew not what it is; the moſt they can reach unto is, That no Time is long; and that can only be called Time which is preſent, the which

the which is but a Moment; and how can that be ſaid to be, ſince the only cauſe why it is, is becauſe it ſhall not be, but is to paſs into the *preterit*; ſo as we cannot affirm it to have a Being: The being of Time conſiſts only of a ſucceſſion of Inſtants, or tranſitory Being, ſubſiſting only by a flux of Moments, and changes as many Faces as it contains Inſtants; it ſlides out of his hands that ſtrives to hold it: In naming of it, we loſe it; ſo ſubtil it is by Nature, that it were to weigh the Fire, and meaſure the Wind, to ſtrive to ſtay this *Proteus*; in an inſtant he vaniſheth; and while you think to ſhew him with your Finger, he is gone. We have only a Moment in our power, and a Moment which is loſt in the very inſtant in which we think to graſp it: See then what it is to truſt unto Human Life, ſince it's a Member of that which is ſo unconſtant and rapid as Time, which runs and paſſes away according to the courſe of the Sun, and Revolutions of the Stars in the Firmament. Know then, that Death follows thee not with Leaden Feet, it runs after thee with a Motion equal to that of the Stars, whoſe ſwiftneſs is ſo prodigious, that according

to

to the more moderate account of *Clavius*, they run in one day more than a Thouſand ſeventeen Millions and an half of Leagues; and in one hour more than Forty two Millions: After this rate doth Death purſue thee; how is it that thou Trembleſt not? How comes it that thou Feareſt not? Even Life it ſelf is given to us but by pieces, and mingles as many parts of Death as there are of Life; the age of Infancy dies when we enter into that of Childhood; and that of Childhood when we become Youths; that of Youth, when we come to Age of Manhood; That, when we are old; and even Old Age it ſelf Expires when we become Decrepit: So that during the ſame Life, we find many Deaths, and yet can hardly perſuade our ſelves that we ſhall Dye once. Let us caſt our Eyes upon our Life paſt, let us conſider what is become of our Infancy, Childhood, and Youth, they are now dead in us; in the ſame manner ſhall thoſe Ages of our Life, which are to come, Dye alſo. Neither do we only Dye, in the principal times of Life, but every hour, every moment includes a kind of Death in the Succeſſion

ſion and Change of Things: What content is there in Life, which dies not by ſome ſucceeding Sorrow? What affliction of Pain, which is not followed by ſome equal, or greater grief than it ſelf? Why are we grieved for what is abſent, ſince it offends us being preſent? What we deſire with impatience being poſſeſſed, brings Care and Solicitude, Grief and Affliction.

The ſhort time which any Pleaſures ſtays with us, it is not to be enjoy'd wholly, and all at once, but taſted by parts; ſo as when the ſecond part comes, we feel not the Pleaſure of the firſt, leſſening it ſelf every Moment, and we our ſelves ſtill dying with it; there being no inſtant of Life, wherein Death gains not ground of us; the Motions of the Heavens is but the ſwift turn of the Spindle, which roles up the Thred of our Lives; and a moſt fleet Horſe upon which Death runs Poſt after us. There is no moment of Life, wherein Death hath not equal Juriſdiction; and there is no point of Life, which we divide not with Death; ſo as, if well conſider'd, we live but only one point, and have not Life but for the preſent inſtant.

inſtant. Our Years paſt, are now vaniſhed; and we enjoy no more of them, than if we were already Dead; the Years to come we live not, and poſſeſs no more of them, than if we were not yet born: Yeſterday is gon, to Morrow we know not what ſhall be; of to Day many hours are paſt, and we live them not; others are to come, and whether we ſhall live them or no, is uncertain; ſo that all Counts caſt up, we Live but this preſent Moment; and in this alſo we are Dying; ſo that we cannot ſay, That Life is any thing but the half of an Inſtant, an indiviſible Point, divided betwixt it and Death.

With reaſon may this Life be called the ſhadow of Death, ſince under the ſhadow of Life, Death ſteals upon us; and as at every ſtep the Body takes, the ſhadow takes another; ſo at every pace our Lives move forward, Death equally advances with it; and as Eternity is ever in beginning, and is therefore a perpetual beginning; ſo Life is ever ending and concluding, and may therefore be called a perpetual End, and a continual Death; there is no pleaſure in Life, which although

though it ſhould laſt Twenty continued Years, that cannot be preſent with us longer than an Inſtant; and with ſuch counterpoiſe, that in it Death no leſs appeareth, than Life is enjoyed.

If a Manwere Lord of infinite Worlds, and poſſeſt infinite riches, if they were at laſt to end, and he to leave them, they were to be valued as nothing; and if all things temporal have this evil property, to fade and periſh, they ought to have no more eſteem, than if they were not.

O miſerable condition of Human Nature! vain is all we live without Chriſt; all fleſh is graſs, and all the glory of it as the flower of the Field. Where is now that comly Viſage? Where is now the Dignity of the whole Body, with which, as with a fair Garment, the Beauty of the Soul was once cloathed? Ah pity! the Lily is withered, the purple of the Violet turned into paleneſs; therefore let us conſider what in time muſt become of us, and what will we, or will not, cannot be far off; for ſhould our lives exceed the term of Nine hundred years, and that the days of *Methuſalem* were beſtowed upon

upon us; yet all the length of life once paſt (and paſs it muſt) were nothing; and betwixt him who lives but ten years, and him who lives a thouſand, the end of Life, and the unavoidable neceſſity of Death once come, all is the ſame, ſave only he who lives longer, departs heavier laden with ſins.

Vain are all Honours, vain are the applauſes, the riches and pleaſures of Life, which being it ſelf ſo ſhort and ſo frail, makes all things Vain which depend upon it, and ſo becomes it ſelf a Vanity of Vanities, and an Univerſal Vanity. What account wouldſt thou make of a Tower founded upon a Quick-Sand? Or what ſafety wouldſt thou hope for in a Ship bored with holes? Certainly thou oughteſt to give no more eſteem unto the things of this World, ſince they are founded upon a thing ſo unſtable as this life. What can all human things be, ſince Life which ſuſtains it, hath, according to *David*, no more conſiſtence than ſmoak; or according to *Aquinas*, than a little Vapor, which in a moment vaniſheth? Altho' it ſhould endure a thouſand years, yet coming to an end, it were equal to that which laſted but a day; for

for as well the felicity of a long, as a ſhort life is but Smoak and Vanity, ſince they both paſs away and conclude in Death.

Guerricus, a moſt famous Divine, hearing the *5th* Chapter of *Geneſis* read, wherein are recounted the Sons and Deſcendents of *Adam*, in theſe terms, *The whole Life of* Adam *was Nine hundred thirty Years, and he died*; *the Life of his Son* Seth *was Nine hundred and twelve Years*, *and he died*; and ſo of the reſt; began to think with himſelf, that if ſuch and ſo great Men, after ſo long time ended in Death, it was not ſafe to loſe more time in this World, but ſo to ſecure his life, that loſing it here, he might find it hereafter. What can the Delights of Man be, ſince his life is but a Dream, a Shadow, and as the Twinkling of an Eye! If the moſt long life be ſhort, what can be the pleaſures of that moment by which is loſt eternal happineſs? O how vain are Men, who ſeeing Life ſo ſhort, endeavour to live long, and not to live well! Since it's a thing moſt certain, that every man may live well; but no Man, what age ſoever he attains unto, can live long; every day we die, and every day we loſe ſome part of

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of Life; and in our growth, our Life decreaſes and grows leſs; and this very day wherein we live, we divide with Death. Our Life in the Book of Wiſdom is compared unto the paſſing of a ſhadow, which as it may be ſaid to be a kind of Night, ſo Life may be ſaid to be a kind of Death; for as the ſhadow hath ſome part of Light, ſome of Darkneſs; ſo our Life hath ſome part of Death, and ſome of Life, until it comes to end in a pure Death; and ſince it is to end in a not being (its very little to be regarded) eſpecially compared with Eternity, which hath a being conſtant and for ever. The ſhadow, whereſoever it paſſes, leaves no track behind it; and of the greateſt perſonages in the World, when they are once dead, then there remains no more than if they had never lived. How many preceding Emperors in the *Aſſyrian* Monarchy were Lords of the World as well as *Alexander?* And now we remain not only ignorant of their Monument, but know not ſo much as their names; and of the ſame Great *Alexander*, what have we at this day, except the vain noiſe of his Fame? There is nothing conſtant in this Life; the Moon hath every Month her changes; but the Life of Man hath them every day, eve-

ry hour; now he is ſick, now in health; now ſorrowful, now merry, now fearful. With what imaginations is he afflicted? With how many labours and toils does he daily wreſtle? With what thoughts and apprehenſions doth he torment himſelf? What dangers of Soul and Body doth he run into? What Vanity is he forced to behold? What injuries to ſuffer? What Neceſſities and Afflictions? Nay, ſuch is our whole life, that it ſeems unto me little leſs evil than that of Hell, but only for the hope we have of Heaven; our Infancy is full of Ignorance and Fears, our Youth of Sin, our Age of Sorrow, and our whole Life of dangers. There is none content with his condition, but he who will die whileſt he lives; in ſo much as Life cannot be good, unleſs it muſt reſemble Death. Since therefore the whole time of this Life is ſo ſhort, and we know not how long it will laſt, let us reſolve not to loſe the opportunity of gaining Eternity. Altho' we were certain to live yet a hundred years longer, we ought not to ſpare one minute from the gaining of Eternity; but being uncertain how long we are to live, and perhaps ſhall dye to morrow, how can we be ſo careleſs, as to let the ſecuring of our glory paſs, which here-

hereafter will never be offered? Conſider what an Eternal Repentance will follow thee, if thou makeſt not uſe of the occaſion of time for the purchaſing of the Kingdom of Heaven; eſpecially when thou ſhalt ſee, that with ſo little ado thou mighteſt have gained that everlaſting glory, which to ſatisfie a ſhort pleaſure thou haſt loſt for ever.

O Eternal God, who dwelleſt in Eternity, whoſe Power is Eternal, and whoſe Kingdom is the Kingdom of all Ages! Take me by thy right hand, O Lord, conduct me to thy eternal Glory: Let me eſteem all things as nothing in reſpect of Eternity. Grant, O Lord, that I may ſo paſs thorough things temporal, that I do not finally loſe the eternal. Amen.

CHAP. II.

All things on this ſide Heaven are inconſtant and tranſitory.

AS Time it ſelf is in a perpetual ſucceſſion, and mutation being the Companion of Motion; ſo it fixes this ill condition unto moſt of thoſe thing which paſs along in it, the which not only have an end, and that a ſhort one; but even during the ſhortneſs of Time which they laſt, have a thouſand changes: And before their ends, many ends; and before their Deaths, many Deaths; each particular change, which our Life ſuffers, being the Death of ſome Eſtate, or part of it: For as Death is the total change of Life, every change is the Death of ſome part: Sickneſs is the Death of Health, Sleeping of Waking, Sorrow of Joy, Impatience of Quiet, Youth of Infancy, Age of Youth. The ſame condition hath the univerſal World, and all things in it; ſo that all things which follow Time, and even Time it ſelf at laſt muſt dye. All human things, as well intrinſecally, and of their own nature, as by external violences which they ſuffer, are ſubject

to

to periſh; the faireſt Flower withers of it ſelf, yet is oftentimes before born away by the Wind, or periſhes by ſome ſtorm of Hail. The moſt exact Beauties loſe their luſtre by Age, but are often before blaſted by ſome violent Fever. The ſtrongeſt and moſt ſumptuous Palaces decay with continuance, if before not ruined by Fire or Earthquake. Caſt your Eyes upon thoſe things which men judge moſt worthy to endure, and made them to the end they ſhould be Eternal; how many changes and Deaths have they ſuffered!

Gregory of *Nazianzen* placed the City of *Thebes* in *Egypt*, as the chiefeſt of thoſe wonders which the old World admired; moſt of the Houſes were of Alabaſter Marble ſpotted with drops of Gold, which made them appear moſt ſplendid and magnificent; upon the Walls were many pleaſant Gardens; the Gates no fewer than a Hundred, out of which the Prince could draw forth numerous Armies without Noiſe. *Pomponius Mela* writes, that out of every Port there iſſued Ten Thouſand Armed Men, which in the whole came to be an Army of a Million; yet all this huge multitude could not ſecure it from a ſmall Ar-

Nazian. *in* Monod. Plin. *Lib.* 36. *c.* 8.

Pomp. Mel. *Lib.* 1. *c.* 9. Evag. *Lib.* 2. *c.* 1.

my conducted by a Youth, who took and deſtroyed it.

Marcus Polus writes that he paſſed by the City of *Quinſay*, which contained Fourſcour Millions of Souls: And *Nicholas de Conti*, paſſing not many years after by the ſame way, found the City wholly deſtroyed, and begun to be newly built after another form. But yet greater than this was the City of *Niniveh*, which was of three days journy; and it's now many Ages ſince that we know not where it ſtood. No leſs ſtately, but perhaps better fortified was the City of *Babilon*; and that which was the Imperial City of the World, became a deſert, and habitation of *Harpies*, *Satyrs* and *Monſters*: And the Walls, which were Two Hundred foot in heighth, and Fifty in Breadth, could not defend it from Time.

Polus *Lib.* 2. *rerum Indic.c.*68.

It's not much that Cities have ſuffered ſo many changes, ſince Monarchies and Empires have done the ſame; and ſo often hath the World changed her face, as ſhe hath changed her Monarch and Maſter. He who had ſeen the World as it was in the time of the *Aſſyrians*, would not have known it as it was in the time of the *Perſians*; and he who knew it in the time of the *Perſians*, would not have judged it for

for the ſame when the *Greeks* were Maſters; after in the time of the *Romans* it appeared with a Face not known before; and he who knew it then, would not know it now; and ſome years hence it will put on another form, being in nothing more like it ſelf than in its perpetual changes. Therefore nothing doth more deſerve our ſcorn and contempt, and more now than ever, ſince it becomes every day worſe, and grows old, and decays with Age; neither is the World only grown worſe in the natural frame of it, but is alſo much defaced in the moral; the Manners of men have altered it more than the violences and encounters of the Elements.

How many Kingdoms were overthrown by the covetouſneſs of *Cyrus*! The ambition of *Alexander* did not only deſtroy a great part of the World, but made it put on a clear other Face than it had before. That which Time ſpares, is often ſnatcht away by the covetouſneſs of the Thief; and how many Lives are cut off by revenge, before they arrive unto old Age!

There is no ſtability in any thing, and leaſt in Man, who is not only changeable in himſelf, but changes all things beſides.

One day often makes an end of great riches. Many Perſonages of great Honour and Eſteem, changing their fortune, become infamous. *Dionyſius* was thruſt from his Throne, from a King of *Sicily* to be a School-Maſter in *Corinth*, and taught Boys: Who could think that from a King he ſhould be neceſſitated to become a School-Maſter! Who would not wonder at the Cozenage of the World, that ſhould ſee him in his Royal Palace with a Scepter in his Hand, compaſſed about with his Servants, and the great ones of his Kingdom, and ſhould after behold him in his School, managing a Rod in the midſt of a number of Boys! *Cræſus* the moſt rich King of *Lydia*, who being in hope to overthrow the *Perſians*, not only loſt his own Kingdom, but fell into the power of his Enemies, and failed a little of being burnt alive. Particular perſons are not only witneſſes that all human things are Dreams; but Cities, Nations, and Kingdoms; nothing remains like it ſelf: All things preſent are more frail and weak than the Webs of Spiders, and more deceitful than Dreams. From this inconſtancy of human things we may extract a conſtancy for our ſelves; Firſt, By deſpiſing things ſo tranſitory;

Second-

Secondly, By a reſolute hope of an end or change in our adverſity and afflictions, ſince nothing here below is conſtant, but all mutable; and as things ſometimes change from good to evil, ſo they may alſo from evil unto good.

There is no confidence to be placed in human proſperity; for neither Kingdom, Empire, nor any greatneſs whatſoever, can ſecure their owners from Ruin and Misfortunes. Behold *Andronicus* cloathed in Purple, adored by Nations, commanding the Eaſt, his Temples enrich'd with a Royal Diadem, the Imperial Scepter in his Hands, and his very Shoes Studded with Oriental Gems: Preſently after he is inſulted over by the baſeſt of his People, buffeted by Women, and pelted with dirt and ſtones in his Imperial City; and Laſtly, They hung him up by the heels betwixt two Pillars, and there left him to dye. This is enough to make us contemn all temporal goods and human felicity, which not only paſſes away with Time, but often changes into greater misfortunes. What eſteem can that merit which ſtands expoſed to ſo much miſery, which is by ſo much the more ſenſible to the ſufferer, by how much it was leſs expected?

The

The Emperoor *Vitellius*, whom the Eaſt and Weſt acknowledged to be the great Monarch of the World, in *Rome* ſaluted with ſo glorious Titles, that he ſeemed to be all he could deſire leſs than a God; but wherein ended all his Majeſty, but in the greateſt infelicity and miſery that can be imagined? The People having violently ſeized upon him, tied a Rope about his Neck, and his Hands behind him, tore his Garments from his Back, and ſtruck a Dagger under his Chin; they haled him ignominiouſly up and down the ſtreets of *Rome*, caſt filth in his Face, and reviled him with a Thouſand injurious ſpeeches, and at laſt killed him in the Market-place; and threw him down the Geminies, where they uſed to fling the Corps of Malefactors. Folly is all human greatneſs, ſince at laſt it muſt end, and perhaps in a diſaſterous and unhappy concluſion.

Who would have imagined that *Valerianus* the Emperor, who was mounted upon his brave Courſer, trapped with Gold, clad in Purple, Crown'd with the Imperial Diadem, adored by Nations, and commanding over Kingdoms, ſhould be taken Priſoner by the King of *Perſia*, be kept incloſed in a Cage like ſome Wild

Wild Beaſt, uſed as a Footſtool for the King to get on Horſe-back! But ſuch contrary Fortunes happen in human life, let us not therefore truſt in it; Crowns nor Scepters do not ſecure us from the inconſtancy of changes; and we may better truſt unto the Wind, or to Letters written upon Water, than unto human felicity.

The changes of Fortune are but exchanges of one condition for another; no man can fall when he is at loweſt; and the loweſt and baſeſt of all things is human felicity, which when it quits us, we fall not, but change it, and perhaps for the better. The Life of Man is a lamentable Tragedy, wherein we obſerve ſuch contrary extreams. I know all human greatneſs is Vanity; therefore I will never grieve for the loſs of that which was nothing, that is not worthy of grief, which deſerves not love; things below, as they merit not my affections when I enjoy them, ſo they ought not to vex and afflict me when I loſe them.

What are Imperial Diadems? What are Thrones and Majeſty? What are Ornaments of Gold and Silver? All are Vanity, and Vanity of Vanities. What were then the *Spectacles* of the *Amphitheater*, the

the Games of the *Circus*, and the Seignory of the World, but Vanity of Vanities, Universal Vanity? The same would *Crœsus* have preached from the *Flames*; *Bajazet* from his Cage; and *Dionysius* from his School. If we had the Opinion of those Persons which are now Damned, what would they think of Majesty which they enjoyed in this life! Vanity! they will say it has a smoak, a dream, a shadow. Where is now the splendor of the *Consulat*? Where the *Lictors* and their *Fasces*? Where the Crowns and Tapistry? Where the Banquets and Revels? All those things are perished; a boystrous Wind hath blown away the Leaves, and left the naked Trees tottering, and almost pluck'd up by the Roots. Where are the Seven Wonders of the World? Where is *Nero*'s Golden Palace? Where are *Diocletians* hot Baths? Where is *Julius* his *Colossus*; or *Pompey*'s *Amphitheatre*? They are all gone, there is no Print of them remaining. And if we consider the greatness of this World, we shall perceive, that by how much it is more glorious, by so much it is more Vain. What greater Majesty, than that of the *Roman Emperor*? Yet scarce was the Election of a *Roman Emperor* known, before he was Murdered: Amongst

Amongſt Nineteen or Twenty Emperors which paſſed betwixt *Antoninus* the Philoſopher, and *Claudius* the ſecond, not one eſcaped a violent Death; ſo as the greateſt felicity of the World, was tyed to the greateſt Miſhap; therefore *Dionyſius* to expreſs the Miſeries and Infelicities of the Lives of Kings, ſaid, *It was like that of Condemned Perſons, which every hour expect Death. O Crown*, ſaid King *Antigonus*, more noble than Happy! *if Men knew how full thou art of Cares and Dangers, no man would take thee up, though he ſhould find thee in the Streets.* And *Conſtantine* the Great, who was arrived at the height of Human Felicity, ſaid, *His Life was ſomething more Honourable than that of Sheepherds, but much more Troubleſome.* There is no felicity upon Earth which carries not its counterpoiſe of Misfortunes; no Happineſs which mounts ſo high, which is not depreſſed by ſome Calamity.

The Felicity of this Life is but a ſhadow of true Happineſs; for the ſhadow is not a Body, but a reſemblance of a Body: And ſeeming to be ſomething, is nothing; the inconſtancy and ſpeedy change of Human Things deſerves this name, becauſe the ſhadow is always altering, and ends on a ſudden: And as the ſhadow when its at length,

length, and can increaſe no farther, is neareſt to the end; ſo Temporal Goods, and Human Fortunes, when they are mounted up as high as the Stars, are then neareſt to vaniſh, and diſappear ſuddenly. Thoſe who work in Proſpective, will ſo paint a Room, that the Light entring only through ſome little Hole, you ſhall perceive beautiful and perfect Figures and Shapes; but if you open the Windows, and let in a full light, at moſt you ſhall ſee but ſome imperfect Lines and Shadows; ſo things of this World ſeem great and beautiful unto thoſe who are in darkneſs, and have but little Light of Heaven; but thoſe who injoy the perfect Light of Truth and Faith, find nothing in them of Subſtance.

The things of this World are not only a ſhadow, but are very deceitful; they promiſe us Goods, and give us Evils; promiſe us Eaſe, and give us Cares; promiſe us Security, and give us Danger; promiſe us great Contents, and give us great Vexations; there is no Felicity upon Earth, no Happineſs which mounts ſo high, which is not depreſſed by ſome low Calamity: It is not needful to attend the end of Life to ſee the impoſture of it; its enough to ſee the alterations whilſt it laſts; be aſſured, that vain is all the greatneſs

neſs of the Earth, if that of Heaven be not gained by it. Since that all Kingdoms, Empires, Honours and Greatneſs whatſoever, are but a ſhadow, and will preſently vaniſh, and we are here in this World, but as in an Inn, from whence we are ſuddenly to depart; let us take care for our journy, and furniſh our ſelves with proviſion and a *Viaticum* for Eternity; let us cloathe our ſelves with ſuch Garments as we may carry along with us; this may be our comfort, that our Wealth, whether we will or no, may be taken from us; but Eternal Happineſs, unleſs by our fault, cannot; we may be deprived of Honours againſt our Wills, but not of our Vertue, except we conſent. temporal Goods may periſh, be ſtoln, and loſt many ways; but ſpiritual Goods can only be forſaken; and are then only loſt, when we leave them by our ſins; the Roſes of Glory in Heaven do never fade, nor doth Cuſtom dull the lively taſt of thoſe celeſtial delights: Let us therefore convey our Riches here through the hands of the Poor in Bills of Exchange, into the Eternity of Glory, where ſuch Mony is current; for our good works will follow us. I will therefore preſerve my ſelf in Humility, I will not confide in Pro-

UMI - 1994

Prosperity, nor presume upon my Virtues, tho' never so great, since every man is subject to fall into those misfortunes he little thinks of: I will not trust in life, because it may fail whilst the goods of it remain; and will as little trust in them, because they may likewise fail whilst it continues.

Blessed Lord! thou art my Salvation, thou art my Glory, my Aid, and all my hope is in thee: At thy Right hand there are Riches, Greatness, and Powers, for ever without end.

CHAP. III.

All Sublunary things are contemptible, and of no value.

THE things of this World, tho' their Vanity, which swells and blows them up, seems to extend and engreaten them; yet they are in themselves contemptible and little; those things which seem to make the greatest noise, are Honour, Fame, and Renown; we shall see how narrow they are: And hear one who was placed in the highest degree of glory and dignity in the whole World,

world, ſince he was Lord of it, the Emperor *Marcus Antonius* who ſpeaks in this manner; Perhaps thou art ſolicitous of Honour; behold how quickly oblivion blots out all things; behold a Chaos of Eternity both before and after.

How vain is the noiſe of Fame! How great the inconſtancy and uncertainty of human judgments and opinions! In how narrow a compaſs are all things incloſed! The World is but a point: And of it, how ſmall a corner of it is inhabited! and who and how many are thoſe in it who are to praiſe thee! He who deſires Fame and Honour after Death, thinks not that he who is to remember him, ſhall ſhortly dye alſo; and in the ſame manner he who is to ſucceed after him, until that that all memory which is to be propagated by mortal men, be blotted out. But ſuppoſe that thoſe who are to remember thee were immortal; what could it import thee being dead? nay being alive, what could it profit thee to be praiſed? All that is fair, is fair of it ſelf, and is perfected within it ſelf; and to be praiſed is no part of the beauty.

Conſider the Vanity of thoſe Titles which many have aſſumed only to make themſelves known in the World: Let us

judge how it will fare with us of *Europe*, by those who have taken Titles upon them in *Asia*; for if the Fame of those in *Asia*, arrive not to the knowledge of us in *Europe*, no more shall ours in *Europe* to theirs in *Asia*.

Jarrie. *in* Thesau. *Indic.*

The name of *Echebar*, was thought by his Subjects to be Eternal, and that all the World did not only know but fear him; but ask here in *Europe* who he was, and no man hath heard of him; demand of the most learned, and few shall resolve you that he Reigned in *Mogor*.

How few have heard of the name of *Vencatapadino Ragium*? He imagined that there was no man in the World who knew him not; how many can tell me that he was the King of *Narsinga*? If then these Warlike and potent Princes are not known in *Europe*, no more shall *Charles* the Fifth, and many other excellent men in Arms and Literature, which have Flourished in these parts, be known in *Asia* and *Africa*.

If we reflect upon the truth of those Titles which many arrogate unto themselves, we shall perceive them all to be vain. How many are called *Highness*, and *Excellence*, who are of a base and abject Spirit, and continue in mortal sin, which is

is the meaneſt and loweſt thing in the World? How many are called *Sereniſſimi*, who have their Underſtanding darkned, and their Will perverted? Others call themſelves *Moſt Magnificent* with as much reaſon as *Nero* might be called *moſt Clement*. The things wherein we have placed Honour, make it moſt ridiculous; ſome think they ſhould be valued and eſteemed, becauſe they are ſtrong; not remembring, that a Bear, a Bull, or a Sumpter Mule is ſtronger than they; ſome becauſe they are richly clad, become mighty proud, and puft up; not being aſhamed to be more eſteemed for the work of a Mechanick Taylor, than for their vertuous actions; others think to be honoured for their diſhonours, bragging of their Vices; others boaſt of the Nobility of their Blood, without looking upon Vertue, and ſo make that a Vice which was to oblige them to Noble Actions; converting that which was to be their Honour, into infamy; valuing themſelves more for being Noble, than being Vertuous and Juſt.

A man is no greater, than what he is in the Eyes of God; and the eſtimation which God hath of us, is not for being born in a Palace, but for being Righteous and Juſt: What an Error is it then to

value our ſelves more for our Human Birth by which we are made Sinners, than for our Divine Birth, by which we are made Juſt? How fooliſh were he, who being the Son of a King, and Bond-woman, ſhould eſteem himſelf more for being the Son of a Slave, than of a Monarch? More Fool is he, who values more the Nobility of his Blood in being a Gentleman, than the Nobility of his Soul in being a Chriſtian; All Honours of the Earth are put ſplendid Vanities; and thoſe who ſeek after them, are like Boys who hunt after Butterflies: Yet many Souls have Periſhed by them: If *David* Curſed the Moutains of *Gelboe*, becauſe *Saul* and *Jonathan* dyed upon them; with much more reaſon may we Curſe the High Mountains of Honour, upon which ſo many Souls have been ſure to periſh.

Let us conſider what Riches are, unto whom *Gregory Nazianzen* did much honour, when he called them a Precious Dung; truly in themſelves they are not much better: Gold and Silver, ſaid *Antoninus* the Philoſopher, were nothing elſe than Excrements and Dregs of the Earth; what are Precious Stones, but Shining Pebbles, ſome Red, ſome Green, &c. Silk, but the ſlaverings of Worms? And the fineſt

fineſt *Hollands*, and the pureſt Linnen, but Threds of certain Plants? Other Webs of Eſteem, are made of Hair of Beaſts; whereof, if we ſhould meet one in our Meat, would make us loath it; and many in their Cloaths are proud of them: Furs, what are they but the Skins of Contemptible Vermin? Civet, but the ſweat of a Cat near its moſt Noiſom Parts? Amber, but the Uncleanneſs of a Whale; or ſomething which the Sea purges from it, as not worthy to be preſerved? What are Poſſeſſions, Palaces, Cities, Provinces and ſpacious Kingdoms? They are only Toys of men, who though Old, are but Children in Eſteeming ſo much of them. *Lucian* beholding them not from the Imperial Heaven, but from the Sphere of the *Moon*; ſaid, *All* Greece *poſſeſt not above four Fingers*; *and that* Peloponneſus *was not bigger than a Lentil Seed.* To *Seneca*, the whole Compaſs of the Earth ſeemed but a Point; and all the greatneſs thereof only matter of Sport. Riches were invented for the Eaſe and Commodity of Life; but as Man hath made them, they ſerve for the greateſt Trouble and Vexation; he who hath Wealth, hath moſt Want, becauſe he not only needs for himſelf, but for all which he Poſſeſſeth: So that he

which hath a great Houſe, hath the ſame Neceſſities that his Houſe hath, which are many: For a great Houſe requires much Furniture, and a large Family: And ſo charges the Maſter with multitudes of Servants, great quantities of Plate, Hangings, and other Ornaments ſuperfluous to uſe, and Human Commodity: Inſomuch, as none are more Poor than the Rich; becauſe they want, not only for themſelves, but for all that is theirs: At leaſt, Riches want not this Incommodity, that altho' they were invented for Human uſe and Eaſe, yet he that hath them in the greateſt abundance, hath the greateſt Cares, Troubles, Dangers, and ever the greateſt Loſſes. Let us therefore while we have time, make over our Riches; let us ſend them before us into another World: Heaven ſtands open to receive them, we need not doubt of ſafe Carriage; the Carriers are very faithful and truſty, they are the poor and needy of this World; we make over unto them here by way of Exchange, a few things of little Value; being to receive in Heaven for them, an exceeding Eternal Weight of Glory.

How narrow is the Sphere of all our Pleaſures, which beſides the ſhort time they endure, are mingled with Wormwood

of

of many Pains and Griefs? The Adulterer, how many Troubles and Dangers does he uſually paſs, before he compaſs his deſire? In the enjoying, what Fears, and Suſpicions aſſault him? And when its paſt, (if he thinks ſeriouſly of his Sin) what Remorſe and Repentance afflict him? And oftentimes, how many long Diſeaſes, and ſharp Pains ſucceed that, which laſted but a Moment? The ſeveral ſorts of Guſts, whereof the Touch is capable, exceed not two or three; but the diſtinct ſorts of Pains which afflict it, are without Number; the greateſt Pleaſure of the Senſe holds no compariſon with the Grief endured by the Separation of a Member; or the Pain ſuffered by him who hath the Stone, Sciatica, or ſome violent Diſeaſe in Extremity.

What ſhall we ſay of the Royal and Imperial Dignity, which ſeems in Human Judgment to embrace all the Happineſs of the World? Honours, Riches, Pleaſures, all are contained in it; but how ſmall is a Kingdom, ſince the whole Earth in reſpect of the Heavens, is no bigger than a Point?

Look not upon the Crown, but upon the Tempeſt of Cares which accompany it; fix not thy Eyes upon the Purple, but upon the Mind of the King, more ſad and

dark than the Purple it ſelf: The *Diadem* doth not more encompaſs his Head, than Cares and Suſpicions his Soul; look not at the Squadrons of his Guards, but at the Armies of his Moleſtations which attend him; for nothing can be ſo full of Cares, as the Palaces of Kings; but its far otherwiſe in Heaven, the Palace and Houſe of God, where the Juſt without mixture or counterpoiſe of Miſery are to Enjoy thoſe Eternally.

If you look upon the ſo much eſteemed Greatneſs of this World, the brave Palaces, renowned Cities, large Kingdoms; you may compare them to thoſe little Houſes of Sand or Dirt made by Children for their Entertainment, which Men ſtand by and laugh at; and oftentimes, if their Parents or Maſters find, that it hinders them from learning of their Leſſons, they ſtrike them down with their Feet, and deſtroy that in a Moment, which hath coſt the Boys much time and labour; ſo God uſeth to deal with thoſe, who neglecting his Service, employ themſelves in ſcraping together Riches, enlarging their Poſſeſſions, building of Palaces, which he Deſttoys with that eaſe, as if they were thoſe little Houſes of Sand, made by Children; and certainly, more Children are they,

who

who ſet their Hearts upon the greatneſs of this ſhort Life, than thoſe who buſie themſelves in Walls of Dirt.

Eſteem none for their Exterior Luſtre and Bravery; he muſt Dye as well as the moſt poor and unknown Beggar; he muſt be Buried, and at laſt appear before the Juſt Judgment; wherefore doſt thou then value and admire thoſe things which have no Conſiſtence, as if they were to laſt for ever?

If you look upon a Table, where you behold Painted a rich and powerful Man, and a poor contemptible Beggar, you neither Envy the one, nor Deſpiſe the other; becauſe you know them to be Shadows, and no Truths: The ſame Judgment we ought to make of the things themſelves; for all are but ſhadows, and little more than nothing: And as in a Comedy, or Farſe, it imports little who plays *Alexander*, and who the *Beggar*, ſince all are Equal when the Play is done; ſo are all after Death.

I will therefore from hence learn, Not to admire the Grandeur of this World, nor to deſire any thing in it; I have an Inheritance in Heaven which none can take from me; there I have a Manſion not made by the Hands of Men; I will look after

after thoſe Eternal Goods, which by my Faith and Hope I do now Enjoy; they can never be taken from me; for they are the Eternal Inheritance of the Juſt.

CHAP. IV.

The Vanity of Man.

IF we conſider the greateſt thing in Nature, which is Man, we ſhall ſee how vain, and little he is, being Temporal. What is Man, ſaith *Seneca*? A frail Veſſel, broken with the leaſt Motion; a moſt weak Body, Naked by Nature, and Unarmed, Subject to the Injuries of Fortune; compoſed of things Infirm, and Fluid; and thoſe very things, without which Man cannot live, as Smell, Taſte, Meat and Drink, are Mortal unto him. The Wiſe *Solon* did not anſwer more favourably, when they demanded of him, What was Man? *He is*, ſaith he, *a Corruption in his Birth, a Beaſt in his Life, and Food for Worms when he is Dead.* He does things Evil, which are not Lawful; things Filthy, which are not Decent; things Vain, which are not Expedient: Behold, the Plants and Trees, they produce

duce Flowers, Haws, and Fruits; Man nothing but Vermin and Worms; they furniſh us with Oyl, Wine and Balſom; Man affords nothing but Flegm, and Ordure; thoſe ſend forth a fragrant Odour, and Man abominable ſtink: And ſuch is Man even in his Youth, and beſt time; but if he reach old Age, which is eſteemed as a Felicity, his Heart is Afflicted, his Head ſhakes, his Spirits languiſh, his Breath ſmells, his Face wrinkles, his Stature bends, his Eyes wax dim, his Hands tremble, his Hair falls, his Ears grow Deaf: Neither is he more changed in Body, than in Mind: An old Man is eaſily diſpleaſed, hardly pacified, believes quickly, covetous, froward, ſtill complaining, admires what is paſt, contemns what is preſent; ſighs, grieves, languiſhes, and is always infirm.

Conſider alſo, wherein Man ends; what thing more Noiſome than a Human Carcaſe? What more Horrible than a Dead Man? He whoſe Embraces were moſt acceptable when he was alive, even his ſight is troubleſom when he is Dead: What do Riches and Honour profit him? They ſhall not free him from Death, they ſhall not defend him from the Worms, they ſhall not take away his Stink and ill Savour; he,

he, who even now was Seated in a Glorious Throne, is now flung into an obſcure Tomb; he who lately Feaſted in a Sumptuous *Sata*, is now Feaſted upon by Worms in a dark Sepulcher: Wherefore doeſt thou wax proud, Duſt and Aſhes, whoſe Conception was in Sin, whoſe Birth in Miſery, whoſe Life in Pain, and whoſe Death neceſſity? Wherefore do'ſt thou ſwell, and adorn thy Fleſh with Precious Things, which in few days is to be Devoured by Worms, and do'ſt not rather adorn thy Soul with good Works, which is to be Preſented in Heaven before God and his Angels?

Beſides that, Man is a thing ſo poor and mean, and compoſed of ſo baſe and vile Materials; this vileneſs and meanneſs hath no firmneſs nor conſiſtence, but is a River of Changes, a perpetual Corruption, and a fantaſm of Time; his Nature from his Birth, until his Death, is Unſtable, Mutable, and Tranſitory; the more you conſider it, the more it flies from you. The Embrion which is framed from Seed, quickly becomes an Infant; from thence a Boy, from thence a Young man, from thence an Old, and then Decrepit; and ſo the firſt Age being paſt and corrupted by new ones which ſucceed, it comes at laſt to Dye:

How

How ridiculous then are Men to fear one Death, who have already dyed ſo many, and are yet to dye more? He never remains the ſame, but in every moment he changes as it were, with various Phantaſms in one common Matter; if he be ſtill the ſame, how comes he to delight in things he did not before? He now loves and abhors after another manner than formerly; he now praiſes and diſpraiſes other things than he did before; he uſes other Words, and is moved with other Affections; he doth not hold the ſame Form, nor paſs the ſame Judgment he did; and how is it poſſible, that without change in himſelf he ſhould thus change in his Motions and Affections? Certainly, he who ſtill changes, is not the ſame; and he who is not the ſame, cannot be ſaid to be, but in a continual Mutation ſlides away like Water: Where ſhall we then find true Being, but in that only which is Eternal, and knows no Beginning; which is Incorruptible, which is not changed with Time?

Man is not only thus vile and baſe whilſt he lives, and much more being dead; but even his Soul, whilſt it remains in his Bodody, is not of much greater Eſteem; for altho' the Soul be of it ſelf of a moſt Noble Subſtance, yet his Vices do ſo much

vilifie

vilifie it, that he makes it more abominable than the Body; and without doubt the Soul, when it is Dead in Mortal Sin, is more Corrupt and Stinking in the ſight of the Angels, than a Body Dead eight days ago; for if that Body be full of Worms, this is full of Sins and Vices; and if a Man knew himſelf well, he would be more affrighted at the Miſery of his Soul, than at that of his Fleſh.

Amongſt all Evils, Man is the moſt evil; every Beaſt hath an evil which is peculiar unto it, but Man is all evils: The Devil dares not approach a juſt Man, but Man dares deſpiſe him: Man is compared to the Beaſts of the Field; it's worſe to be compared to a Beaſt, than to be one: For it's no fault to be born an unreaſonable Creature; but to be endowed with Reaſon, and to be compared to a Beaſt, is a fault of the Will, ſo as this untamed Paſſion makes him worſe than Beaſts.

What ſorts of Deaths and Torments hath not human Cruelty found out! What ſorts of Poyſon hath not the Paſſion of Man invented! *Orpheus*, *Orus*, *Mediſius*, *Heſiodotus*, and other Authors have found out Five hundred ſeveral ways of giving Poyſon covertly, which have ſince been (to the calamity of Man) wonderfully encreaſed

creaſed; nothing is now ſecure from the Malice of Man, ſince Poyſon hath been given even in the ſhaking of hands, when Men were to be reconciled and made Friends: Only in the ſenſe of Hearing it hath not yet found a Door to enter; all the reſt of the Senſes it hath maſtered; with the ſmell of a Roſe, with the ſight of a Letter, with the touch of a Threed, with the taſte of a Grape, Death hath found an entrance.

And as, tho' Man were not miſerable enough by Nature, his very Paſſions muſt contribute to make him wretched and unhappy; the proud man grieves and conſumes for the Felicity of another; the envious dies to ſee a happy man live; the covetous man loſes his Sleep for what he hath no need of; the cholerick man ruins himſelf for what no ways concerns him: With reaſon did the Prophet ſay; *In vain doth man trouble himſelf; he troubles himſelf, and before he attains reſt, is overwhelmed; he mounts on high like a tempeſt; and like duſt is ſcattered and diſappears; he is kindled like a flame, and vaniſhes like ſmoak; he ſpreads himſelf as a cloud, and is contracted as a drop.* He is troubled to gain the filth of Riches, and a little Dirt; his are the Trouble, others the Joys; his are

are the Cares, others the Contents; his are the Curſes, others the Reſpect and Reverence. The Life of man is full of vain labours, of vexatious thoughts, thinking how to obtain what he deſires, and then how to keep it; after how to increaſe it, then how to defend it, and laſtly how to enjoy it; and yet in concluſion all falls to pieces in the handling, and becomes nothing: What labour doth it coſt the poor Spider to weave his Web, paſſing inceſſantly from one part to another; and often returning to the ſame place where he began, conſuming himſelf with the Threds drawn from his proper Entrails for the forming of his Pavilion, which with many Journies having placed on high, and at laſt finiſhed this goodly Artifice, one touch of a Broom defaces and brings to ground all his labour? Juſt ſuch are the imployments of Man, of much toil, and of little profit; ſpending the moſt part of his time in uſeleſs projects, which of themſelves fall to nothing, and in the end vaniſh without Effect.

In vain doth Man trouble himſelf, for he enjoys a Life but lent him; and that but for a ſhort time: Man is but a Debt of Death, which is to be payed without delay. I have conſidered with tears what Man

Man was made of, what he is, and what he ſhall be. He was made of Earth, and conceived in Sin, and Born for Puniſhment. O unhappy condition of Human Nature! O the vanity and deluſions of Man! Thou which glorieſt in the ſtrength of Body, thou which embraceſt the gifts of Fortune, and thinkeſt not thy ſelf her Servant, but her Darling; ſee how thou mighteſt have periſhed even before thou wert, with ſo little a thing as a Snuff of a Candle; and may'ſt yet with a ſmaller matter, prickt with a little Tooth of an Adder; or like *Anacreon* the Poet, choaked with the Stone of a Grape; or like *Fabius* the *Roman* Senator, ſuffocated with a Hair in a draught of Milk. The Life of Man compared to the continuance of the World, is but a moment, and the Worlds continuance is but a moment in reſpect of Eternity.

With good Reaſon then is the Life of Man to be valued as nothing; ſince nothing is more frail, nothing more periſhing; and in concluſion is little more than if it had no being at all. Glaſs without violence may laſt long; but the Life of Man ends of it ſelf: Glaſs may with care be preſerved for many Ages; but nothing can preſerve the Life of Man.

UMI - 1994

All this King *David* well underſtood, who was the moſt powerful and happy Prince the *Hebrews* ever had; yet when he conſidered that his Greatneſs was to have an end, valued it as nothing; and not only eſteemed his Kingdoms and Treaſures, as Vanity, but even his Life it ſelf; wherefore he ſays, *Pſal.* 37. *Thou haſt put, Lord, a meaſure unto my days, and my ſubſtance is as nothing.* All my Kingdoms, all my Trophies, all my Treaſures, all which I poſſeſs, all is nothing: And preſently adds, *doubtleſs all is Vanity*; all which living Man is, all his whole Life is Vanity, and nothing that belongs to him ſo frail as himſelf.

O if we could but frame a true conception of the ſhortneſs of this Life, how ſhould we deſpiſe the Pleaſures of it! This is a matter of ſuch importance, that God commanded the principal of his Prophets that he ſhould go into the Streets and Market-places, and Proclaim aloud, That all Fleſh is Graſs, and all the Glory of it, as the Flowers of the Field; for as the Graſs, which is cut in the Morning, withers before Night, and as the Flower is quickly faded; ſo is the Life of all Fleſh; the Beauty and Splendor of it withering in a day: He who ſhall look upon the Frailty of our Fleſh, and that every moment of an hour

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we increaſe and decreaſe without ever remaining in the ſame ſtate; and even what we now ſpeak, dictate, or write, flies away with ſome part of our Life, will not doubt to ſay, his Fleſh is Graſs, and the Glory of it as the Flower of the Field: He that was Yeſterday an Infant, is now a Boy; and will ſuddenly be a Youth, and even until Old age runs changing thorough uncertain conditions of Life, and perceives himſelf firſt to be an Old Man, before he begins to admire that he is not ſtill a Boy. Nay, ſeeing Death ſeizeth upon others, yet he will not believe that it ſhall happen to him; and altho' he hear of it, hourly, yet it appears unto him as a hidden Myſtery, which he cannot underſtand. God therefore commanded his Prophet *Iſaiah*, that he ſhould Proclaim it with a loud Voice, as a thing of great importance, and that it might ſink into the Heart of Man: Receive therefore this truth from God himſelf; *All Fleſh is Graſs*, all Age is ſhort, all Time flies, all Life vaniſhes; and a great multitude of years are but a great nothing.

Let us hear how true this is from thoſe who lived the longeſt, and have had the experience of what it is to live; perhaps thou mayſt promiſe thy ſelf to live a Hundred years, as tho' this were a long Life:

hearken then unto holy *Job*, who lived Two hundred and forty years, who knew beſt what it was to live; what ſays he of all his years? *My daies*, ſaith he, *are nothing*; nothing he calls them, altho' they laſted almoſt three Ages. In other places he ſays, the Life of Man is like the Flower which ſprings up to day, and to morrow is trodden under Foot; and that it flies like a Shadow without ever remaining in the ſame State. How poor a thing then is Life, ſince holy *Job* calls it but a Shadow, tho' then three or four times longer than at preſent! Thoſe who lived more than eight Hundred years, eſteemed their Life but as a Shadow; and in the Inſtant when they died, judged they were ſcarce born. How can we think to live long in a time wherein it is much to make the age of Sixty years! A Life then of Eight hundred years being no more than the flirting up and down of a little Sparrow, the flight of an Arrow, or to ſay better, the paſſage of a Shadow: What then are Fifty years, unto which perhaps thou maiſt attain? Certainly the longeſt term, whereunto human Life extends, was compared by *Homer* but unto the Leaves of the Tree, which at moſt endure but a Summers ſeaſon. *Euripides* judged that too much, and

ſaid,

ſaid, that human Felicity was to be valued but at the length of a day: And *Demetrius Phalerius* allowed it but a moments ſpace. Conſider then how vile are all things Temporal, and how frail is all the Glory of the World, being grounded upon ſo feeble a Foundation: The Goods of the Eath can be no greater than is Life, which give them their value; and if that be ſo poor and ſhort, what ſhall they be? What good can be of value which is ſuſtained by a life ſo contemptible and full of Miſery? A figure of this was the Statue of *Nebuchadnezar*, which altho' made of Rich Metal, as of Gold and Silver, yet was founded on Feet of Clay; ſo as a little Stone falling upon it, overthrew it in unto the Earth. All the Greatneſs and Riches of the World, have for Foundation the Life of him who enjoys them, which is ſo frail and ſlippery, that not a little Stone, but even the Grain of a Grape hath been able to ruin and overthrow it.

I ſhall not therefore be ambitious of a Rich *Mauſeolum* after my Death, for the Repoſe of my Body; nor do I deſire a ſtately Sepulcher, a beautiful Urn, or that my Name or Actions ſhould be engraven in Marble: I know this, that if I ſhall be miſerable and unhappy hereafter,

they will be but for my greater ſhame and reproach. Out of this Life I can carry nothing but my good Works; I will not add unto my evil ones that of vain Glory: I will take heed whereon I ſet my Heart; ſince the accompliſhing of what I wiſh, may be a puniſhment of my deſires: If thoſe things of the Earth which I moſt love, and deſire, ſhould continue; if they be taken from me; it's a Chaſtiſement of my Earthly affection, and if I be permitted to enjoy them, I am fearful that they may be the Temporal reward of ſome good work, which may either diminiſh or deprive me of the Eternal.

CHAP. V.

The Miſeries of Temporal Life.

IF Man before he was Born, knew what he was to ſuffer in his Life, he would not be Born at all: Therefore *Silenus* being demanded what was the greateſt Happineſs Man was capable of? Said, Not to be Born, or die quickly. With reaſon did *Democritus* ſay, That the Life of Man was moſt Miſerable, ſince thoſe who ſeek for Good hardly find it, and Evil comes of it ſelf,

ſelf, and enters our Gates unſought for: In ſo much as our Life is always expoſed unto innumerable Dangers, Injuries, Loſſes, and to ſo many Infirmities, that according to *Pliny* and many Phyſitians, *Greeks* and *Arabians*, there were more than Thirty ſeveral ſorts of new Diſeaſes diſcovered in the ſpace of few years; and now every day finds out others, and ſome ſo cruel that they are not to be named without Horrour; and the Malice of the Diſeaſe is not greater, than many times the Remedies ſtrange. Some have been cured by cauterizing with fire, by ſawing off a Member, by tripanizing the Scull, or drawing Bones from it; others have been cured with the opening of the Belly, and drawing forth the Guts. Above all, the Cure of *Palæolagus* the Second, Emperor of *Conſtantinople*, was moſt cruel, whoſe Infirmity after a years continuance, found no other Remedy but to be continually vext and diſpleaſed: His Wife and Servants, who moſt deſired his Health, having no ways to reſtore it, but by Diſobedience, ſtill croſſing and oppoſing him in what he moſt deſired: A harſh Cure for a Prince! If Remedies be ſo great Evils, what are the Infirmities? The ſickneſs of *Mecenas* was ſo ſtrange, that he ſlept not, nor cloſed his

Eyes in three whole years. That of King *Antiochus* was ſo peſtilential, that his loathſome Smell infected his whole Army, and his Body flowed with Lice and Vermin. Conſider here the end of Majeſty, when the greateſt Power of Earth cannot defend it ſelf againſt ſo Noiſom and Contemptible an Enemy. In the ſame manner *Feretrina* Queen of the *Baræans*, all the Fleſh of her Body turned into Maggots and Grubs, which ſwarming every where, at laſt conſumed her. Some have had Serpents bred in their Arms and Thighs, which have devoured their Fleſh even whilſt they lived. With reaſon then does Man enter into the World with Tears, as divining the many Miſeries which he ſhall have time enough to ſuffer, but not to lament, and therefore begins to weep ſo early. All the days of Man are full of Grief and Miſery.

What ſhall I ſay of thoſe ſtrange Peſtilential Diſtempers which have deſtroyed whole Cities and Provinces? In many places it hath raged with ſuch Fury, as if it meant to extirpate all Mankind: So many Thouſands of People having died, that whole Towns and Countries have remained Deſert. The Evil hath been many times ſo great, that Fathers forſook their

Children

Children, and Women their Husbands. Riches did not preſerve them from dying of Hunger: If they found by chance what to eat, the Fury of the Diſtemper was ſuch, as they often died with the morſel in their Mouths. To all this is human Life ſubject. Let thoſe therefore who are in Health and Jollity, fear what may befal them.

Famin is no leſs a Miſery of Mans Life, than Peſtilence, which not only particular Perſons, but whole Provinces have often ſuffered: Many times People when they had nothing left them to eat, have fed on Horſes, Dogs, Cats, Rats, Dormice, and other Vermin, when they could lay hold on them; and when thoſe failed, eat one another: Nay, Fathers ſpared not their Sons, nor Women thoſe whom they brought forth; and many would willingly have pawned their Bowels, to have had wherewith to feed them. What a horrid proſpect is it to ſee a company of People appearing in the Streets more like unto Ghoſts and Phantoms, than living Men! others ſtretched upon the ground half Dead, and ready to draw the laſt Gaſp! What pity is it to behold Thouſands of Women, Feeble, Pale, and Hunger-ſtarved, charged with a great number of their poor languiſhing Infants, which dried up with Hun-

Hunger, could not ſo much as weep or demand ſuccour from their ſorrowful and afflicted Mothers: Who could only help them with their compaſſionate Looks, of which Rivers of Tears which ran from their Eyes, were a ſufficient Witneſs! This is a lamentable Scene of a moſt miſerable Tragedy. All thoſe Miſeries which fall not under imagination, are found in the Life of Man.

Greater than all theſe Calamities, is that of War, which of the three Scourges of God, wherewith he uſes to Chaſtiſe Kingdoms, is the moſt terrible; as well becauſe it is commonly followed by the other two, as for that it brings along with it greater Puniſhments; and which is worſe, greater Sins, whereof Plagues are free, in which all endeavour to be reconciled with God, and even thoſe who are in Health diſpoſe themſelves for Death. Famin alſo, tho' it brings with it ſome Sins, yet it leſſens others; tho' it be accompanied with many Thefts, yet it ſuits not ſo much with Pride and Vanity; neither doth it permit ſo many ſorts of Vices as are occaſioned by War.

Above all, the greateſt Calamities of Mans Life, are not Peſtilence, Famin, or War; but human Paſſions not ſubordi-

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nate to Reaſon: What did *David* ſuffer from the Envy of *Saul*? Exile, Hunger, Dangers and War. *Naboth* ſooner loſt his Life by the Covetouſneſs of *Ahab*, than he could have done by a Plague. *Elias* was more afflicted with the deſire of revenge in *Jezabel*, than if he had had the Peſtilence: For that made him weary of his Life, and this would but have made him weary of his Diſeaſe. What Plagues or Wars were like the Ambition of *Herod*, which deſtroyed ſo many thouſand Children? What Contagion was more mortal than the Cruelty of *Nero* and other Tyrants, who took away the Lives of ſo many innocent People to ſatisfie their Fears or Fancies?

Who is ſo happy to content all, and be envied of none? Who is ſo eſteemed, that ſome do not deſpiſe him? Who is ſo general a well-doer, that no Body complains of him? The *Athenians* found fault with their *Simonides* becauſe he talked too loud. The *Thebans* accuſed *Panniculus*, that he Spit too much. The *Carthagineans* ſpake ill of *Hannibal*, becauſe he went open Breſted, with his Stomack bare. Others Laughed at *Julius Cæſar*, becauſe he was ill girt. There is none ſo upright, in whom Envy will not find ſomthing to reprehend.

So

So many are the Miſeries of Life, that they cannot all be numbred. Death, which is thought by ſome the greateſt of Evils, is by many eſteemed a leſſer Evil than Life; the many Evils in *this*, ſurpaſſing the greatneſs of the Evil in *that*; and therefore ſome have conceived its better to ſuffer the greateſt, which is Death, than to ſuffer ſo many, tho' leſſer, which are in Life: For this reaſon one calls Death, the laſt and greateſt Phyſitian; becauſe tho' in it ſelf it be the greateſt Evil, yet it cures all others; and therefore preſcribes the hopes of it, as an efficacious remedy and comfort in the afflictions of Life.

What Security can there be in Life, when the Earth, which is the Mother of the living is unfaithful to them, and ſprouts out Miſeries and Deaths even of whole Cities? What can be ſecure in the World, if the World it ſelf be not, and the moſt ſolid parts of it ſhake? If that which is only immovable and fixt for to ſuſtain the living, tremble with Earthquakes; if what is proper to the Earth, which is to be firm, be unſtable and betray us; where ſhall our Fears find a Refuge? When the Roof of the Houſe ſhakes, we may fly into the Fields; but when the Earth ſhakes, whither ſhall we go?

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In time of the Plague we may change places; but from the whole Earth who can fly? And ſo from dangers; and therefore not to have a remedy, may ſecure us as a comfort in our Evils; for Fear is fooliſh without hope. Reaſon baniſhes Fear in thoſe who are wiſe, and in thoſe who are not. Deſpair of remedy gives a kind of ſecurity, at leaſt takes away fear. He that will fear nothing, let him think all things are to be feared. See what ſlight things indanger us; even thoſe which ſuſtain Life, lay Ambuſhes for us. Meat and Drink, without which we cannot live, take away our lives. It's no Wiſdom therefore to fear Swallowing by an Earthquake, and not to fear the falling of a Tile. In Death all ſorts of dyings are equal. What imports it whether one ſingle Stone kills thee, or a whole Mountain oppreſs thee? Death conſiſts in the Souls leaving of the Body, which often happens by ſlight Accidents.

Wonderful are the ways which Death finds us out, and moſt poor and contemptible thoſe things upon which Life depends; it hangs not upon a Thread, but ſometime upon ſo ſmall a thing as a Hair. No Door is ſhut to Death, it enters where the Air cannot enter, and encounters us in the very

very action of Life. Small thing are able to deprive us of ſo great a good. A little Grain of a Grape took away the Life of *Anacreon*. The affections of the Soul, and the Pleaſures of the Body, become the High-way unto Death. *Homer* died of Grief; And *Sophocles* of an exceſs of Joy. *Dionyſius* was killed with the good News of a Victory which he had obtained. *Aurelianus* died Dancing. *Cornelius Gallus*, and *Titus Etherius*, died in the Act of Luſt.

Let no Man aſſure himſelf of that Life which hath ſo many entrances for Death. Let no Man ſay, I ſhall not dye to day, for many have thought ſo, and yet ſuddenly died that very hour. By ſo inconſiderable things, as we have ſaid, have many died; and thou mayeſt die without any of them; for ſudden Death, there is no need of a Hair, or exceſs of Grief, or ſudden Joy to ſurprize thee, it may happen without any of thoſe exterior cauſes. A corrupt Humour in the Entrails, which flies unto the the Heart without any body perceiving it, is ſufficient to make an end of thee; and it's to be admired that no more die ſuddenly, conſidering the diſorders of our Life, and the Frailties of our Bodies. We are not of Iron or Braſs, but of ſoft and delicate Fleſh. A Clock, tho' of hard Metal, in time

time wears out, and every hour needs mending; and breaking of one Wheel ſtops the motions of all the reſt. There is more Artifice in a human Body than in a Clock; and its much more delicate; the Nerves are not of Steel, nor the Veins of Braſs, nor the Entrails of Iron; how many have had their livers or ſpleens corrupted or diſplaced, and have died ſuddenly! No Man ſees what he hath within his Body; and ſuch may his Infirmity be, altho' he thinks, and feels himſelf well, yet he may dye within an hour: Let us all tremble at what may happen!

But Chriſtians in all the Miſeries and dangers of human Life, have great comforts to lay hold on; which are, a good Conſcience, hope of Glory, conformity unto the Divine Will, and the imitation and example of Jeſus Chriſt; from theſe Four he ſhall in Life have Happineſs, in Death ſecurity, in both Comfort, and in Eternity a Reward.

We may draw from whath hath been ſaid, how unjuſt was the Complaint of *Theophraſtus*, That Nature hath given a longer Life unto many Birds and Beaſts, than unto Man. If our Life were leſs troubleſome, he had ſome Reaſon; but it being ſo fraught with Miſeries, he might rather

ther think that Life the happieſt, which was ſhorteſt: Wherefore it's better to die Young, and die well, than to die Old, and die ill. This Voyage being of neceſſity, the Felicity of it conſiſts not in being long, but being proſperous, and that at the laſt we arrive in the deſired Port. Therefore ſuppoſing ſo many Miſeries, we cannot complain of God for having given us a ſhort Life, but of our ſelves for having made it a bad one: Our Life being compaſſed with ſo many Miſeries, as that Death ſeems rather a ſhelter for Evils, than a Puniſhment, God was pleaſed that it ſhould be ſhort, that the Vexations and Misfortunes of it, which cannot be counterpoiſed with any joys of the Earth, might be more ſupportable: At leaſt, if this Life with ſo many Miſeries, do not diſpleaſe us, yet let the Eteral with all its Felicities content us better; and let us not endeavour leſs for the immortal Life in Heaven, than we do for this Mortal on Earth. Let us keep always in mind the years of Eternity; ſo whatſoever adverſity or affliction happen, we ſhall more eaſily bear it, 2 Cor. 4. 17. *For our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and Eternal Weight of glory.*

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Therefore if the World frown upon me, if I meet with many troubles and afflictions, if Misfortunes befal me; if they ruſh upon me like Waves, one on the Neck of another; if I be toſſed up and down; then theſe be my daily thoughts, Well, let the World have its courſe, I am content to bear it, Gods Will be done; let the Sea be troubled, let the Waves thereof Roar, let the Winds of Afflictions blow, let the Waters of Sorrows ruſh upon me, let the Darkneſs of Grief and Heavineſs compaſs me about, yet will I not be afraid; theſe Storms will blow over, theſe Winds will be laid, theſe Waves will fall, this Tempeſt cannot laſt long, and theſe Clouds ſhall be diſpelled: Whatſoever I ſuffer here ſhall ſhortly have an end, I ſhall not ſuffer Eternally; come the worſt that can come, Death will put an end to all my Sorrows and Miſeries; *Domine da mihi modo patientiam, & poſtea indulgentiam*; Lord grant me patience here, and eaſe hereafter. I will ſuffer patiently whatever can happen, and ſhall endeavour to do nothing againſt my Conſcience, and diſpleaſing unto thee; for all is ſafe and ſure with him, who is certain and ſure of Bleſſed Eternity.

UMI - 1994

CHAP. VI.

The end of Temporal Life.

IF the end of Life ſhould fall under our election, and that it were in the power of a Man to make choice how many years he would continue in Life, and after what manner he would have it, and that it might conclude ſome other way than by Death, yet the conſideration that it, and all things Temporal were to periſh, and at laſt to have an end, were ſufficient to make us deſpiſe it; and that very thought would drown all the Pleaſures and contents which it could afford us: For as all things are of greater and leſſer eſteem according to the length and ſhortneſs of their duration; ſo Life being to end, be it in what manner ſoever, is much to be diſvalued. A fair Veſſel of Chryſtal, if it were as conſiſtent and durable as Gold, were more precious than Gold it ſelf; but being frail, and ſubject to break, it loſes its eſtimation; and altho' of it ſelf it might laſt long, yet being capable by ſome careleſs Miſchance of being broken, it becomes of much leſs value. In the ſame manner our Life, which is much more frail than Glaſs,

Glaſs, being ſubject to periſh by a thouſand accidents; and tho' none of them ſhould happen, could not long continue; ſince it conſumes it ſelf, it muſt needs together with thoſe Temporal Goods, which attend it, be moſt contemptible: But conſidering that the ending of it is by the way of Death, Infirmities and Misfortunes which are the Harbingers, and prepare the way for Death, it's to be admired, that Man, who knows he is to die, makes an account of Temporal Felicity, ſeeing the Miſery in which the Proſperity of this World, and the Majeſty of the greateſt Monarchs, are at laſt to finiſh.

Let us conſider King *Antiochus*, Lord of ſo many Provinces, in all his Pomp and Glory, glittering in Gold, and dazling the Eyes of the Beholders with the ſplendor of his Diamonds and precious Jewels, mounted upon a ſtately Courſer, commanding over Numerous Armies, and making the very Earth tremble under him; let us then behold him in his Bed pale and wan, his Strength and Spirit ſpent, his loathſome Body flowing with Worms and Corruption; forſaken by his own People by reaſon of his Poyſonous ſtink, which infected his whole Camp, and finally dying Mad, and in Rage; who ſeeing ſuch a

Death, would wiſh the Felicity of his Life? Who with the condition of his Miſery would deſire his Fortune? See then wherein the Goods of this Life conclude.

Who could have known *Cæſar*, who had firſt ſeen him Triumph over the conquered World, and then behold him gaſping for a little breath, and weltring in his own Blood, which flowed from twenty three Wounds, opened by ſo many ſtabs?

Who could believe it was the ſame *Cyrus*, he who ſubdued the *Medes*, conquered the *Aſſyrian* and *Chaldean Empire*? he who amazed the World with Thirty years ſucceſs of continued Victories, now taken Priſoner, and put to an Ignominious Death by the command of a Woman?

Who could think it were the ſame *Alexander*, who in ſo ſhort a time ſubjugated the *Perſians*, *Indians*, and the beſt part of the known World, and ſhould after behold him conquered by a *Calenture*, feeble, exhauſted in Body, dejected in Spirit, dried up, and parched with thirſt, without taſt in his Mouth, or content in his Life; his Eyes ſunk, his Noſe ſharp, his Tongue cleaving to his Pallat, not being able to pronounce one Word? What amazement is it, that the heat of a poor Fever ſhould conſume the mightieſt Power and Fortune of

of the World? And that the greateſt of Temporal and Human Proſperities ſhould be drowned by the overflowing of one Irregular and Inordinate Humour! How great a Monſter is Human Life, ſince it conſiſts of ſo diſproportionable Parts; the uncertain Felicity of our whole Life, ending in a moſt certain Miſery!

Who would Marry a Woman, tho' of a Comely and well proportionate Body, who had the Head of an ugly Dragon? Certainly altho' ſhe had a great Dowry, none would covet ſuch a Bed-fellow. Wherefore do we Wed our ſelves unto this Life, which altho' it ſeems to carry along with it much content and happineſs, yet it is in effect no leſs a Monſter, ſince tho' the Body appear unto us Beautiful and Pleaſant, yet the End of it is horrible and full of Miſery.

Let no Man flatter himſelf with the vigor of his Health, with the abundance of his Riches, with the ſplendor of his Authority, with the greatneſs of his Fortune; for by how much he is more Fortunate, by ſo much ſhall he be more Miſerable, ſince his whole Life is to end in Miſery.

Let no Man be deceived in beholding the proſperity of a Rich Man; let him not meaſure his Felicity by what he ſees at

preſent, but by the end, wherein he ſhall conclude, not by the ſumptuouſneſs of his Palaces, nor by the Multitude of his Servants, nor by the bravery of his Apparel, nor by the Luſtre of his Dignity, but let him expect the end of that which he ſo much admires, and he ſhall then perceive him at beſt to die in his Bed, dejected, diſmayed, and ſtrugling with the pangs and anxieties of Death; if he comes ſo off, it's well; otherwiſe the Daggers of his Enemy, the Teeth of ſome wild Beaſt, or a Tile thrown down upon his Head by ſome violent Wind, may ſerve to make an end of him, when he leaſt thinks of it. O how great a madneſs is it to Glory in any thing on this ſide Heaven! The Eſtate of the moſt powerful is ſubject to moſt impetuous Storms, whoſe end is to be ſunk and overthrown. O how wavering and uncertain is the height of the greateſt Honour! Falſe is the hope of Man, and vain is all his Glory! O uncertain Life, due unto perpetual Toyl and Labour! What doth it now profit thee to have raiſed ſo many coſtly Palaces of Marble, when thou now muſt die? O how many things doſt thou now think of doing, not knowing the bitterneſs of their end; Thou beholdeſt thy Friend now dying; and know,

know, that thou alſo ſhalt quickly follow him.

Let us forbear to look upon thoſe ſeveral kinds of Death which are incident to Human Nature: Let us conſider that which is eſteemed the moſt happy; when we die not ſuddenly, or by violence, but by ſome infirmity, which leiſurely makes an end of us; or by a pure Reſolution, which naturally brings Death along with it. What greater miſery of Mans Life than this, That Death ſhould be accounted Happy, not that it is ſo, but becauſe its leſs miſerable than others? For what Grief and Sorrow doth not he paſs, who dies in this manner? How do the accidents of his Infirmities afflict him? The heat of his Fever, which ſcorches his Entrails; the Thirſt of his Mouth, which ſuffers him not to ſpeak; the pain of his Head, which hinders his attention; the ſadneſs of his Heart proceeding from the apprehenſion that he is to die; beſides other grievous Accidents, which are uſually more in number than a Human Body hath Members to ſuffer; together with Remedies which are no leſs painful than the Evils themſelves. To this add the uncertainty whither he is to go, to Heaven or Hell: What news can be more terrible unto a ſinner, than that

he is to die, to leave all his Pleaſure in Death, and to give an account unto God for his Life paſt? If Lots were to be caſt, Whether one ſhould have his Fleſh pluckt off with burning Pincers, or be made a King; with what Fear and Anxiety of mind would that Man expect the iſſue? How then ſhall he look, who in the agony of his Death wreſtles with Eternity, and within two hours ſpace looks for Glory or Torments without end? What Life can be counted Happy, if that be Happy which ends with ſo much miſery? If we will not believe this, let us ask him who is now paſſing the Terrors of Death, what his opinion of Life is; let us now enquire of him when he lies with his Breaſt ſticking forth, his Eyes ſunk, his Feet dead, his Knees cold, his Viſage pale, his Pulſes without motion; What will this Man ſay his Life was, but by how much the more proſperous, by ſo much more vain; and that all his Felicity was falſe and deceitful, ſince it came to conclude in ſuch a period? What would he now take for all the Honours of this World? Certainly I believe he would part with them at an eaſie rate: Nay, if they have been offenſive to God Almighty, he would give all in his power he never had enjoyed them.

He

He who unto the hour of his Death hath enjoyed all the Delights the World can give him, at that hour what remains with him? Nothing; or if any thing, a greater Grief. Conſider of how little ſubſtance all Temporal things will appear, when thou ſhalt be in the light Eternal: The Honours which they have given thee, ſhall be no more thine; the Pleaſures wherein thou haſt delighted, can be no more thine; thy Riches are to be anothers. See then, whether the Happineſs of this Life, which is not ſo long as Life it ſelf, be of that value, that for it we ſhould part with Eternal Felicity.

I beſeech thee ponder what is Life, and what is Death: Life is the paſſing of a ſhadow, ſhort, troubleſome, and dangerous; a place which God hath given us in time for the deſiring of Eternity.

Conſider why God leads us about in the circuit of this Life, when he might at the firſt inſtant have placed us in Heaven: Was it that we ſhould ſpend our time idlely, and daily invent new Chimera's of vain and frivolous Honours? No certainly, it was not, but that by virtuous Actions we might gain Heaven, ſhew what we owe unto our Creator, and in the midſt of the troubles and affliction of this

Life,

Life, diſcover how Loyal and Faithful we are unto our God: For this he placed us in the Liſts, that we ſhould take his part, and defend his Honour: For this he entred us into this Milita and Warfare (for the Life of Man is a Warfare upon Earth) that here we might fight for him, and in the midſt of his and our Enemies, ſhew how true and faithful we are to him. Were it fit that a Soldier in the time of Battle ſhould ſtand Diſarmed, paſſing away his time at Dice upon a Drum head? This doth he who ſeeks his eaſe in this Life, and ſets his Affections upon things of the Earth, not endeavouring thoſe of Heaven, nor thinking upon Death where he is to end.

A Peregrination is this Life; and what Paſſenger is ſo beſotted with the Pleaſures of the way, that he forgets the place whither he is to go? How cameſt thou then to forget Death, whither thou Travelleſt with ſpeed, and canſt not, tho' thou deſireſt, reſt one ſmall minute by the Way? for Time, altho' againſt thy will, will draw thee along with it: The way of this Life is not voluntary, like that of Travellers; but neceſſary, like that of condemned Perſons, from the Priſon unto the place of Execution: To Death thou ſtandeſt

ſtandeſt Condemned, whither thou art now going; how canſt thou Laugh?

A Malefactor after Sentence paſt, is ſurprized with the apprehenſion of Death, that he thinks of nothing but dying: We are all condemned to die; how come we then to rejoyce in theſe things which we are to leave ſo ſuddenly?

Death is compared unto a Thief; who not only Robs us of our Treaſure and Subſtance, but bereaves us of our Lives: Since therefore thou art to leave all, why doeſt thou load thy ſelf in vain? What Merchant, knowing that ſo ſoon as he arrived unto the Port, his Ship and Goods ſhould be ſunk, would charge his Veſſel with much Merchandiſe? Arriving at Death, thou and all thou haſt, are to ſink and periſh; why doſt thou then burthen thy ſelf with that which is not needful, but rather an hindrance to thy Salvation?

This is the Sallery which the Goods of the Earth beſtow on thoſe who ſerve them, that if they do not leave or ruin them before their Death, they are then certain at leaſt to leave them, and often hazard the Salvation of thoſe that dote upon them. O vain Man! this ſhort Life is beſtowed upon thee for gaining the Goods of Heaven, which are to laſt Eternally;

nally; and you ſpend it in ſeeking thoſe of the Earth which are to periſh inſtantly.

Beſides all this, tho' one ſhould die the moſt happy Death that can be imagined, yet behold the dead Body, how ugly and Noiſom doth the miſerable Carkaſs remain, that even Friends fly from it, and ſcarce dare ſtay one Night alone with it! The neareſt and moſt obliged Kindred, procure it in all haſt to be carried forth a Doors; and having wrapt it in ſome courſe Sheet, throw it into the Grave, and within two days forget it: And he who in Life could not be contained in great and ſumptuous Palaces, is now content with the narrow lodging of ſeven Foot of Earth; he who uſed to lodge in Rich and dainty Beds, hath for his Couch the hard Ground; for his Mattreſs, Moths; and for his Covering Worms; his Pillows at beſt the Bones of other dead Perſons; then heaping upon him a little Earth, and perhaps a Grave ſtone, they leave his Fleſh to be feaſted upon by Worms, whilſt his Heirs triumph in his Riches.

He who gloried in the exerciſe of Arms, and was uſed to revel at Balls, is now ſtiff and cold, his Hands and Feet without motion, and all his Senſes without Life: He who with his Power and Pride tram-

pled

pled upon all, is now trod under Foot by all; conſider him eight days dead, drawn from his Grave, how gaſtly and horrible a Spectacle he will appear! Behold then what thou pampereſt, a Body which perhaps within four days may be eaten by loathſome Vermin! Whereon doſt thou found thy vain pretenſions, which are but Caſtles in the Air, founded upon a little Earth, which turning into Duſt, the whole Fabrick falls to the ground? See where all Human greatneſs concludes; and that the end of Man is no leſs loathſome and miſerable than his beginning.

The memory of the loathſomneſs of a dead Body, may ſerve to make us to deſpiſe the Beauty of that which is living; therefore if at any time thou ſhalt be ſurpriſed with the Temptation of the frail Beauty of the Fleſh, ſend thy Thoughts preſently unto the Sepulcher of the Dead, and let them there ſee what they can find agreeable to the Touch, or pleaſing to the ſight. Conſider that Duſt and dry Aſhes were once ſoft and lively Fleſh, and in its Youth was ſubject to the like Paſſions as thou art. Conſider thoſe rigid Nerves, thoſe naked Teeth, the disjoynted diſpoſition of the Bones and Arteries, and that horrible diſſipation of the whole Body; by this means

means thou mayeſt take from thy Heart thoſe vain deceits and illuſions.

All this is certainly to happen unto thy ſelf: Wherefore doſt thou not amend thy Evil conditions? This is to be thy end; unto this therefore direct thy Life and Actions. With reaſon had the *Brachmans* their Sepulchers ſtill placed open before their Doors, that by the memory of Death they might learn to live. Wiſdom is the meditation of Death; therefore ever have in thy thoughts that Meditation, *Remember thou art to die.*

Therefore whatſoever miſery or affliction ſhall fall upon thee, ſay, *By the Divine aſſiſtance I will bear it patiently: Lord Jeſus ſtand by me and comfort me: Lord Jeſu be preſent with thy ſervant that putteth his truſt in thee; receive my Spirit, and lead me through the valley and ſhadow of Death; lead me and forſake me not, until thou haſt brought my Soul into the Land of the Living, O thou which are my Light, Life, and Salvation.*

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Of Death, and the certainty of it.

BEſides the Miſery wherein all the Felicity of this World is to dertermin, there are other conſiderations of the end of our Life to be conſidered; by which we may perceive how vain and contemptible are all the Goods of it. We will principally ſpeak of three.

1. That Death is moſt certain, and no ways to be avoided.

2. That the Time is moſt uncertain, becauſe we know neither when, or how it will happen.

3. That it's but only one, and but once to be experienced; ſo that we cannot by a ſecond Death correct the Errors of the firſt.

Concerning the certainty of Death, it imports us much to perſwade our ſelves of it; for as it is infallible that the other Life ſhall be without end; ſo it is as certain that this ſhall have it. God hath not made a Law more inviolable than thatof Death; thou art to die, aſſure thy ſelf of that: An irrevocable Law is this; and without remedy thou muſt die. I pray tell me where

where is *Adam* now? Where is *Cain*? Where is long lived *Methuſaleh*? Where is *Noah*? Where is *Sem*? Where is *Abraham*? Where is *Jacob*? They are dead and gone, their Time is paſt; we may ſay of them, *vixerunt, fuerunt Troës*; once they were, now they are not: And be aſſured, that *Mortuus eſt* ſhall be every mans Epitaph, for we muſt needs die, and are as Water ſpilt upon the ground, 2 *Sam.* 14. 14.

The time will come, when thoſe Eyes, with which thou readeſt this, ſhall be burſt, and loſe their Sight; thoſe Hands which thou now employeſt, be without Senſe or Motion; this Mouth which now diſcourſes, ſhall be mute without Breath or Spirit; and this Fleſh which thou now pampereſt, ſhall be conſumed and eaten by Worms and Vermin; the time will come, when thou ſhalt be covered with Earth, thy Body ſtink and rot; the time will come, when thou ſhalt be forgotten as if thou never hadſt been; and thoſe that paſs, ſhall walk over thee without remembring that ſuch a Man was born. Conſider this, and perſwade thy ſelf that thou muſt die as well as others; that wich hath happened to ſo many, muſt happen alſo to thee; think upon this ſeriouſly, and reflect with thy ſelf ſoberly, how thou ſhalt look, when

when thou art dead; and this conſideration will give thee a great knowledge what thy Life is, and make thee deſpiſe the Pleaſures of it.

If Death were only contingent, and not certain, yet becauſe it might happen, it ought to make us very careful and ſolicitous. If God ſhould ſay, that only one of all thoſe in the World ſhould die, but did not declare who that one were, yet all would fear; why then doeſt thou not now fear, when all Men muſt infallibly die, and perhaps thou the firſt?

Now is the Bow drawn; now the Arrow let looſe, and already in the way to hit thee; why doſt thou ſtrive to ſhun it, and doſt not rather humble and prepare thy ſelf to receive it? If one ſhould tell thee, that a whole Tire of Artillery were immediately to be diſcharged at thee, and no way left to avoid the ſtrokes; How wouldſt thou be amazed? But if thou perceiveſt that Fire were already given, the very Noiſe perhaps would kill thee; know then, that the Artillery of Death with much more Fury is already ſhot, and there is no quarter of an hour wherein it flies not more than ten Millions of Leagues to overtake thee; and yet from whence it parted, and where it now is, thou know-

eſt not: Wert thou certain it were far off, yet it runs with ſo precipitate a courſe, that it will not fail in a ſhort time to reach thee. Therefore thou being ignorant at what diſtance it is, thou oughteſt every moment to expect it, ſince every moment it may be with thee.

Let every Man therefore ſay within himſelf; It's I who am to die and reſolve into Duſt; I have nothing to do with this World; the other was made for me, and I am only to care for that; in this I am only a Paſſenger, and am therefore to look upon the Eternal, whither I am going, and am there to make my abode for ever. Certain it is, that Death will come and hurry thee along with him; all the buſineſs therefore I have now, is to diſpoſe my ſelf for ſo hard an encounter; and ſince it's not in the power of Man to free me from it, I will only ſerve the Lord, who is able to ſave me in ſo certain and eminent a danger.

2. As it's moſt certain that we are to die, ſo it's moſt uncertain when, or in what manner we ſhall die: Who knows whether he is to die in his Old age, or in his Youth; if by ſickneſs, or ſtruck by a Thunderbolt; if a year hence, or to day? The doors of Death are ever open; and the Enemy

Enemy continually lies in Ambuſh, and when we leaſt think of him, will Aſſault us.

He who ſuſpected that Thieves were to enter his Houſe, would walk all Night, becauſe they ſhould find him at no hour unprovided; it being then not a ſuſpicion, but an apparent certainty that Death will come, and we know not when, why do we not always watch? We are in a continual danger, and therefore ought to be continually prepared: It's good ever to have our accounts made with God; ſince we know not but he may call us in ſuch haſte, as we ſhall have no time to perfect them, it's good to play a ſure Game, and be ever in the grace of God.

Who would not tremble to hang over ſome vaſt Precipice, wherein if he fell, he were certain to be daſhed in a Thouſand pieces, and that by ſo weak a ſupporter as a Thread? This, or in Truth much greater is the danger of him, who is in Mortal ſin, who hangs over Hell by the Thread of Life, a Twiſt ſo delicate, that not a Knife, but the Wind, and the leaſt fit of ſickneſs breaks it: Wonderful is the danger where he ſtands, who continues but one Minute in Mortal ſin. Death hath time enough to ſhoot his Arrow; the

ſpeaking of a Word, the twinkling of an Eye ſuffices: Who can be pleaſed whilſt he ſtands naked and Diſarmed in the midſt of his Enemies? Amongſt as many Enemies is Man, as there are ways to Death, which are innumerable. It's not then ſafe for Man to be Diſarmed and naked of the Grace of God in the midſt of ſo many Adverſaries and dangers of Death, which hourly threaten him: What perſon being led to Execution, would entertain himſelf by the way with vain conceits? We are condemned Perſons, who are going to Execution, tho' by different ways, which we our ſelves know not, ſome the ſtraight way, and ſome by By-paths, but are all ſure to meet in Death; we ought therefore ſtill ro be prepared, and free from the diſtracting Pleaſures of this Life, for fear we fall ſuddenly; this danger of ſudden Death is ſufficient to make us diſtaſt all the delights of the Earth.

Death is therefore uncertain, that thou ſhouldeſt be ever certain to deſpiſe this Life, and diſpoſe thy ſelf for the other; thou art every hour in danger of Death, to the end, that thou ſhouldeſt be every hour prepared to have Life: What is Death but the way unto Eternity? A great Journy thou haſt to make; where-

fore

fore doſt thou not provide in time? And the rather, becauſe thou knoweſt not how ſoon thou mayeſt be forced to depart? Who is there who does not deſire to have ſerved God faithfully two years before Death ſhould take him? If then thou art not ſure of one, why doſt thou not begin? Truſt not in thy Health or Youth, for Death ſteals treacherouſly upon us, when we leaſt look for it; promiſe not thy ſelf to Morrow, for thou knoweſt not whether Death will come to Night.

Since then thou knoweſt not when thou art to die, think thou muſt die to day; and be ever prepared for that which may ever happen; truſt in the mercies of God, and implore them inceſſantly; but preſume not to defer thy converſion for a moment; for who knows whether thou ſhalt ever from henceforward have time to call upon him! And having called upon him, whether thou ſhalt be heard! To what purpoſe defer we that until to Morrow, which imports ſo much to be done toDay, and perhaps will not be to Morrow if not to Day? It was a very good anſwer that *Meſſodamus* gave one, inviting him to a Feaſt the next day; My friend, ſaith he, why doſt thou invite me againſt to Morrow? I durſt not for theſe many years

ſecure my ſelf that I ſhould live one day; for I have expected Death every hour. No Man is ſufficiently Armed againſt Death, unleſs he be always prepared to entertain it.

3. To this uncertainty of Death is to be added that of being only one, and only once to be tried; ſo as the Error of dying ill, cannot be amended by dying well another time. God gave unto Man his Senſes and other parts of his Body double; he gave him two Eyes, that if one failed he might ſerve himſelf of the other; he gave him two Hands, that if one were loſt, yet he might not wholly be diſabled; but of Deaths he gave but one; and if that one miſcarry, all is ruined. A terrible caſe, that the thing which moſt imports us, which is to dye, hath neither Trial, Experience, or Remedy; it's but only once to be acted, and that in an inſtant, and upon that inſtant all Eternity depends, in which if we fail, the Error is never to be amended.

If an ignorant Peſant, who had never drawn a Bow, ſhould be commanded to ſhoot at a Mark far diſtant, upon condition that if he hit it, he ſhould be highly rewarded with many rich Gifts; but if he miſt it, and that at the firſt ſhoot, he ſhould be

be burnt alive; in what ſtreights would this poor Man find himſelf! How perplexed that he ſhould be forced upon a thing of that difficulty wherein he had no skill, and that the failing ſhould coſt him ſo dear as his Life; but eſpecially that it was to be only once to be aſſayed, without poſſibility of repairing the firſt fault, by a ſecond trial! This is our caſe: I know not how we are ſo pleaſant; we have never died, we have no experience or skill in a thing of ſo great difficulty; we are only once to die, and in that all is at ſtake; either Eternity of Torments in Hell, or of Happineſs in Heaven: How live we then ſo careleſs of dying well; ſince for it we were born, and are but once to try it? This action is the moſt important of all our Life; upon it depends Eternity; and if miſt, without repair or amendment: Theſe human Actions which may be repaired, if one miſs, the other may hit; and that which is loſt in one way, may be ragained in another: If a rich Merchant had this year a Ship ſunk in the Ocean, another may arrive Loaden with ſuch Riches as may recompence the loſs of the former; but if we once fail in Death, the loſs is never to be repaired.

That which is but only one, is worthy

of more care and eſteem, becauſe the loſs of it is irreparable; let us then value the time of this Life, ſince there is no other given wherein to gain Eternity.

A certain Soldier being called in queſtion by *Lamachus* a Centurion, for ſome Miſdemeanor or other committed in the Camp, earneſtly deſired pardon for that once, and promiſed never to offend in the like again. But the *Centurion* made him this anſwer; *In bello, bone vir, non licebit bis peccare.* O Sir! Know you thus much, there is no offending in War twice. But in Death (alas) there is no offending once; there is no hope of Pardon; once Dead and always Dead; he that Dies once ill is Damned for ever; there is no returning again to riſe to amend what is done amiſs; as Death leaves a Man ſo Judgment finds him; and as Judgment leaves him, ſo Eternity findeth him.

If a Man were obliged to leap ſome great and deſperate Leap, upon condition that if he performed it well, he ſhould be made Maſter of a Wealthy Kingdom, but if ill, he ſhould be chained to an Oar, and made a perpetual Galley-ſlave; without doubt this Man would uſe much diligence in preparing himſelf for ſo hazardous an undertaking, and would often practiſe

practiſe before an Action of ſo great conſequence, from which he expected ſo different Fortunes. How far more different are thoſe which we expect from ſo great a Leap as is from Life to Death; ſince the Kingdoms of the Earth compared with that of Heaven, are Traſh, Rubbiſh; and the tugging at an Oar, in the Gallies, compared with Hell, a Glory! When the Leap is great and dangerous, he who is to leap it, uſes to fetch his career backwards, that he may leap further, and with greater force: We therefore knowing the danger of the Leap from Life to Death, that we may perform it better, ought to fetch our career far back, even from the beginning of our ſhort Life, and from our firſt uſe of reaſon, from which we ſhall know, that the Life we live is Mortal, that at the end of it we have a great Debt to pay, and that we are to diſcharge both Uſe and Principal when we leaſt think of it.

It was the ſaying of *Iphicrates*, That it's a ſhame for an Emperor at any time to ſay with the Fool, *Non putaram*, I did not think it; but it's a greater ſhame for a Chriſtian Man to ſay, *Non putaram*, I did no think there had been ſuch a difference between a godly and wicked Life. I did not think Eternity was to follow after this

this Life; I did not think I ſhould have died ſo ſuddenly.

Let us therefore husband Time in which we may gain Eternity, which being once loſt, we ſhall loſe both the time of this Life, and the Eternity of the other. How many Millions are now in Hell, who whilſt they were in this World deſpiſed Time, and would now be content to ſuffer Thouſands of Years, all the Torments of the damned, for the Redemption of one inſtant in which they might by Repentance recover the Eternal Life of glory, which is now loſt without remedy? And yet thou caſteſt away not only inſtants, but hours, days and years: Conſider what a damned Perſon would give for ſome part of that Time which thou loſeſt; and take heed that thou hereafter, when there ſhall be no repair of that Time which thou now ſo vainly miſ-ſpendeſt, be not thy ſelf in the ſame Grief and Bitterneſs.

We are now upon the Stage, therefore we may act on our part; we have to deal with potent Enemies, therefore we muſt be always prepared to fight; we are ſtill in our race, therefore we muſt hold out to the laſt; let us then ſo Act our parts, that the Angels may rejoice to be Spectators; let us ſo fight, that we may win

win the Crown; let us ſo run, that we may obtain.

Conſider how by Time thou mayeſt gain Eternity: Look not then upon the loſs of it, as upon the loſs of Time, but of Eternity; endeavour then whilſt it laſts, to get a good Bargain; for this Life once paſt, there is no more occaſion for Traffick; the time appointed for ſtoring up, is but ſhort; but the gain and profit is Eternal: Therefore leave the cares of this World, and elevate your whole Heart and affections unto Heaven, and there place your Thoughts, which are to be upright and ſetled in God Almighty.

I know, O Lord, I am here but as a Sojourner in a ſtrange Land, and not as a Citizen in my own Country. I am here but a Tenant at will, and muſt ſhortly depart; for here I have no continuing City; but I muſt ſeek one to come, Eternal in the Heaven; where I ſhall bear a part in the Heavenly Quire with Angels, evermore praiſing thy holy Name; there I ſhall behold light incomprehenſible; where I ſhall be in no fear of Death; farewel then all the World, and all the things in it; *Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done*; and welcome to me, thou art welcome Eternally, O beloved, Eternally thou art welcome; *Heb.* 13. 14. *Pſal.* 84. 4.

MI - 1994

come; now I am bleſſed, O Lord, for I ſhall dwell in thy Houſe, and ſhall ſtill be praiſing thee.

CHAP. VIII.

Of that Moment wherein we are to die, and Life to end.

WE ought ſeriouſly to conſider all which is to paſs in that moment of Death, for which the time of this Life was only beſtowed upon us; and upon which depends the Eternity of the other. O moſt dreadful Point, which art the end of Time, and the beginning of Eternity! O moſt fearful inſtant, which ſhutteſt up the prefixed term of Life, and determines the buſineſs of our Salvation! How many things are to paſs in thee? In the ſame inſtant Life is to finiſh, all our works to be examined; and that Sentence given, which is to be Executed for all Eternity: O laſt Moment of Life! O firſt of Eternity! How terrible is the thought of thee, ſince in thee, not only Life is to be loſt, but to be accounted for; and we then to enter into a Region which we know not; in that moment I ſhall ceaſe to live, in that moment

ment I ſhall behold my Judge, who ſhall lay all my Sins open before me, with all their weight, number and enormity. In it I ſhall receive a ſtrict charge of all the Divine benefits beſtowed upon me; and in it a Judgment ſhall paſs upon me either for my Salvation or Damnation Eternal! How wonderful is it, that for ſo many matters, and of ſo great importance, there is no more time allotted than the ſpace of an inſtant; no place left for reply, interceſſion of Friends, or appeal! O fearful Moment upon which ſo much depends! Admirable is the high Wiſdom of God, which hath placed a Point in the midſt betwixt Time and Eternity, unto which all the time of this Life is to relate; and upon which the whole Eternity of the other is to depend! O Moment, which art neither Time or Eternity, but art the Horizon of both, and divideſt things Temporal from Eternal! O narrow Moment! O moſt dilated Point! wherein ſo many things are to be concluded, and ſo ſtrict an account is to be given, and where ſo rigorous a Sentence is to be pronounced, is ever to ſtand in force! A ſtrange Caſe, that a buſineſs of Eternity is to be reſolved in a Moment; and no place allowed for the Interceſſion of Friends, or our own diligence!

It

Apocal. ch. 20. It will be then in vain to make any addreſſes or Application; there is none will intercede for thee, nor can give thee Abſolution; the rigor of the Judge in that Inſtant wherein thou expireſt, will allow no farther Mercy. S. *John* ſays, that Heaven and Earth ſhall flie from the Preſence of the Judge; whither wilt thou go, to what place canſt thou repair, being the Perſon againſt whom the Proceſs is commenced? It's therefore ſaid, that Heaven and Earth ſhall flie, becauſe neither the Saints of Heaven ſhall there favour thee, or the Powers of Earth aſſiſt thee; there ſhall be place for nothing that may help thee; what then would a Sinner give for leave to offer up one poor Prayer to God, when it is too late? That which would now ſerve thy turn, and thou deſpiſeſt, thou wouldeſt then have done, and canſt not. Provide thy ſelf, therefore in time, whilſt it may avail thee, and defer it not until that inſtant, wherein nothing can do thee good. Now thou mayeſt help thy ſelf, now thou mayeſt find favour: Expect not that moment wherein thy own endeavours will be uſeleſs, and there will be none to help or aſſiſt thee.

O what a lamentable thing will it be for a Sinner, to ſee himſelf not only abandoned

doned by Men, but alſo by Angels, and even by God himſelf; and to be delivered over into the power of the Infernal Dragon, without all hopes of eſcaping from him, who will ſeize upon his Soul, and carry it to the Abyſs of Hell, there to be Tormented for ever!

How can Men be careleſs, ſeeing ſo important a buſineſs as is the Salvation of their Souls, depends upon an inſtant, wherein no new Diligence nor Preparation will avail them! Since then we know not when that moment will be, let us not be any moment unprovided; this is a buſineſs not to be one point of time neglected, ſince that point may be our Damnation. What will a Hundred Years ſpent with great auſterity in the ſervice of God, profit us, if in the end of all thoſe years we ſhall commit ſome grievous Sin, and Death ſhall ſeize upon us before Repentance?

Let no Man ſecure himſelf in his paſt Vertues, but continue them unto the end; ſince if he die not in Grace, all is loſt; and if he doth, what matters it to have lived a Thouſand years in the greateſt Troubles and Afflictions this World could lay upon him! O Moment, in which the juſt ſhall forget all

all his Labours, and ſhall reſt aſſured of all his Vertues! O Moment! which art certain to be, uncertain when to be, and moſt certain never to be again! I will therefore now fix thee in my Memory, that I may not hereafter meet thee in my Eternal ruin and perdition.

There are three things which would make a Sinner tremble: The firſt, when his Soul is to be pluckt out of his Body. The ſecond, when it is to appear before God to receive Judgment. And the third, when Sentence is to be pronounced. How terrible then is this Moment wherein all theſe three things ſo terrible are to paſs! Let a Chriſtian often whilſt he lives, place himſelf in that inſtant, from whence let him behold on one part the time of his Life which he is to live; and on the other the Eternity whereunto he enters; and let him conſider what remains unto him of that, and what he hopes for in this; in that inſtant a Thouſand years of Life ſhall appear unto the Sinner no more than one hour; and one hour of Torments ſhall appear a Thouſand years. Behold thy Life from this Watch-Tower, from this Horizon, and meaſure it with the Eternal, and thou ſhalt find it of no Extenſion.

O dreadful moment, which cuts off the Thread of Time, and begins the Web of Eternity! I will therefore provide for this Moment, that I may not loſe Eternity; this is that precious Pearl, for which I will give all that I have or am; it ſhall ever be in my Memory, I ſhall ever be Solicitous of it, ſince it may every day come upon me.

For Eternity depends upon Death, Death upon Life, and Life upon a Thread, which may either be broken or cut; and that even when I moſt hope, and moſt endeavour to prolong it. My Life is never ſecure, I will therefore ever fear that Inſtant, which gives an end to Time, and beginning in Eternity.

Benediction and Praiſe be to him who is ſeated upon the Throne; and to the Lamb who hath redeemed us in his Blood, and hath placed us in his Eternal Kingdom. Amen.

CHAP. IX.

The end of Temporal Life is terrible.

DEath, becauſe it's the end of Life, is by the Philoſopher ſaid to be the Terrible of all things Terrible: What

would he have ſaid, if he had known it to be the beginning of Eternity, and the Gate into which we enter into that vaſt Abyſs, no Man knowing upon what ſide he ſhall fall into that profound and bottomleſs Depth! If Death be Terrible for ending the buſineſs of Life, what is it for uſhering in the inſtant wherein we are to give an account of Life before that Terrible and moſt juſt Judge, who therefore died that we might uſe it well!

It's not the moſt Terrible part of Death to leave the Life of this World, but to give an account of it unto the Creator of the World; eſpecially in ſuch a time wherein he is to uſe no mercy; this is a thing ſo Terrible, that it made holy *Job* to Tremble notwithſtanding he had ſo good an account to make; who was ſo Juſt, that God himſelf gloried in having ſuch a Servant.

Death is Terrible for many weighty Reaſons; whereof not the leaſt is the ſight of the offended Judge, who is not only Judge, but Party, and a moſt irrefragable Witneſs; in whoſe viſage ſhall then appear ſuch a ſeverity againſt the wicked, that it's better to ſuffer all manner of Torments, than to behold the Face of his angry Judge.

How

How will it then amaze us, when we ſhall behold Jeſus Chriſt himſelf alive, not a dead Image; not in the Humility of the Croſs, but upon a Throne of Majeſty, and Seat of Juſtice; not in a time of Mercy, but in the hour of Vengeance; not naked, with pierced Hands, but Armed againſt Sinners with the Sword of Juſtice; when he ſhall come to Judge and Revenge the Injuries which they have done him! God is as righteous in his Juſtice, as in his Mercy; and as he hath allotted a time for Mercy, ſo he will for Juſtice.

As in this Life the rigor of his Juſtice is as it were repreſſed and ſuſpended; ſo in that point of Death, when the Sinner ſhall receive Judgment, it ſhall be let looſe, and overwhelm him. A great and rapid River which ſhould for Thirty or Forty Years together have its current violently ſtopped; what a maſs of Waters would it collect in ſo long a ſpace? And if it ſhould then be let looſe, with what Fury would it overrun, and beat down all before it? And what reſiſtance could withſtand it? Since then the Divine Juſtice, which the Prophet *Daniel* compares not to an ordinary River, but to a River of Fire, for the greatneſs and Fury of the rigor, ſhall be repreſſed for Thirty or Forty

Years during the Life of Man, what an infinity of Wrath will it Amaſs together? and with what Fury will it burſt out upon the miſerable Sinner in the Face of the offended Judge? and therefore the Prophet *Daniel* ſaith, That a River of Fire iſſued from his Countenance, and that his Throne was of Flames, and the Wheels of it burning Fire; becauſe all ſhall then be Fire, Rigor and Juſtice, he ſets forth unto us his Tribunal-Throne with Wheels, to ſignifie thereby the force and violence of his Omnipotency, in executing the ſeverity of his Juſtice; all which ſhall appear in that moment, when Sinners ſhall be brought into Judgment, when the Lord ſhall ſpeak unto them in his Wrath, and confound them in his Fury.

O Man! Which haſt now time, conſider in what condition thou ſhalt ſee thy ſelf in that inſtant; then neither the Blood of Chriſt ſhed for thee, nor the Son of God Crucified, nor the Interceſſion or Prayers of the Bleſſed Saints, nor the Divine Mercy it ſelf ſhall avail thee; but ſhalt only behold an incenſed and revenging God, whoſe Mercies ſhall then only ſerve to augment his Juſtice: Thou ſhalt perceive that none will take thy part, but all will be againſt thee; thou art to expect

pect no Patron, no Protector but thy vertuous Actions: Only they ſhall accompany thee; when all ſhall leave thee, they only ſhall not forſake thee; the rich Man ſhall not then have multitudes of Servants to ſet forth his Greatneſs, nor well-Fee'd Lawyers to defend his Proceſs; only his good Works ſhall beſtead him, and they only ſhall defend him.

There, when their Treaſures which have been heaped up in this World, and guarded with ſo much care, ſhall fail their Maſters, their Alms beſtowed on the Poor ſhall not fail them; there, when their Children, Kindred, Friends, and Servants ſhall all fail them, the Strangers which they have lodged, the Sick which they have viſited, and the Needy which they have ſuccoured ſhall not fail them: Let us therefore provide for that day, and take care that our Works be good ones.

It is to be admired how many dare do ill in the preſence of that Judge, with whom nothing can prevail, but doing well; and the wonder is much the greater that we dare with our evil works offend him who is to judge them. The Thief is not ſo impudent as to Rob his Neighbour, if the Magiſtrate looks on; but would be held a Fool, if he ſhould Rob or offend

the Magiſtrate himſelf in his own Houſe. How dares then this poor thing Man injure the very Perſon of his moſt Upright and Juſt Judge (before whom its moſt certain he ſhall appear) to his Face, in his own Houſe; in ſo high manner as to prefer the Devil, his and our greateſt Enemy, before him? Every one who Sins, makes as it were a Judgment, and paſſes a Sentence in favour of Satan againſt Jeſus Chriſt; of this unjuſt Judgment of Man, the Son of God, who is moſt unjuſtly Sentenced by a Sinner, will at the laſt day take a moſt ſtrict and ſevere account; let him expect from his own injuſtice, how great is to be the Divine Juſtice againſt him.

Let him take heed how he works, ſince all his Actions are to be viewed and reviewed by his Redeemer. An Artiſt who knows his work was to appear before ſome King, or to be examined by ſome great Maſter in the ſame Art, would ſtrive to give it the greateſt perfection of his skill; ſince therefore all our works are to appear before the King of Heaven, and the chief Maſter of Vertues, Jeſus Chriſt, let us endeavour that they may be perfect and compleat; and the rather, becauſe he is not to examin them for Curioſity, but to paſs upon us a Sentence either of Condemnation,

nation, or Eternal Happineſs. Let us then call to mind that we are to give an account unto God Almighty, and therefore let us take heed what we do; let us weep for what is amiſs; let us forſake our Sins, and ſtrive to do vertuous Actions; let us look upon our ſelves as guilty Offenders, and let us ſtand in perpetual fear of the Judge; ſtill reprehending himſelf, and ſaying, Ah me! Wretch that am I, how ſhall I appear before the Tribunal of God? How ſhall I be able to give an account of all my Actions? If thou ſhalt always have theſe Thoughts, thou maiſt obtain Salvation; and be aſſured, he that ſeriouſly thinks upon Death, will never have the boldneſs to Sin.

Another cauſe of the terribleneſs of Death is, The innumerable multitude of our Sins, and their Monſtrous Deformity, ſhall then be laid open: This is ſignified by the Prophet *Daniel*, where he ſays, That the Throne of the Tribunal of God was of flaming Fire; whoſe nature is not only to burn, but to enlighten; and therefore in that Divine Judgment, ſhall not only be executed the rigor of his Juſtice, but the uglineſs likewiſe of Human Nature ſhall be diſcovered: the Judge himſelf ſhall not only appear ſevere, but our ſins ſhall all

be discovered and laid open to us; and the sight of them shall make us tremble with fear and astonishment, especially when we shall perceive them to be manifest unto him who is both Judge and Party. Our Sins now seem unto us but light and trivial, and we see not half of them; but in our leaving of this Life we shall find them heavy and unsupportable.

How shall we remain amazed when we shall see a number of our Actions to be Sins, which we never thought to be such! And which is more, we shall find that to be a fault which we thought to be a laudable work: For many Actions which in the Eyes of Men seem vertuous, will then be found Vices in the sight of God; then shall be brought to light the works which we have done, and those which we have left undone; the Evil of that Action which we have committed, and the good of that which we have omitted; neither is there account to be taken only of the evils which we do, but of the good also which we do not well; all will be strictly searcht and narrowly lookt into, and must pass by many Eyes.

The Devil, as our Accuser, shall frame the process of our whole Life, and shall accuse us of all he knows; and if any thing

thing ſhall eſcape his knowledge, it ſhall not therefore be concealed; for our own Conſcience ſhall cry out and accuſe us of it; and leſt our Conſcience might flatter us, or be ignorant of ſome faults, our Guardian Angel ſhall then be Fiſcal and Accuſer, calling for Divine Juſtice againſt us, and ſhall diſcover what our own Souls are ignorant of. And if the Devil, our Conſcience, and Guardian Angel ſhall fail in any thing, as not knowing all, the Judge himſelf, who is both Party and Witneſs, and whoſe Divine Knowledg penetrates into the bottom of our Wills, ſhall there declare many things for Vices, which were here eſteemed for Vertues. O ſtrange way of Judgment, where none denies, and all accuſe, even the Offender accuſes himſelf; and where all are Witneſſes, even the Judge and Party! O dreadful Judgment, where there is no Advocate, and four Accuſers, the Devil, thy Conſcience, thy Guardian Angel, and thy very Judge, who will accuſe thee of many things which thou thoughtſt to have alledged for thy defence; then all ſhall be laid open, and confuſion ſhall cover the Sinner with the multitude of his offences. How ſhall he bluſh to ſee himſelf in the preſence of the King of Heaven in ſo foul and ſqualid Garments?

If

If a Man when he is to ſpeak with ſome great Prince, deſire to be decently and well Clad, how will he be out of Countenance to appear before him Dirty, and half Naked? How ſhall then a Sinner be aſhamed to ſee himſelf before the Lord of all, Naked of good Works, be-dirtied and defiled with abominable and horrid Crimes?

Beſides the multitude of Sins whereof the whole Life ſhall be full, the Hainouſneſs of them ſhall be alſo laid open before him, and he ſhall tremble at the ſight of that which he now thinks but a Trivial Fault; for then he ſhall clearly ſee the uglineſs of Sin, the diſſonancy of it unto Reaſon, the deformity it cauſes in the Soul, the injury it doth to the Lord of the World, his ingratitude to Chriſt his Redeemer, the prejudice it brings unto himſelf; Hell, into which he falls, and Eternal Glory, which he loſes, the leaſt of theſe were ſufficient to cover his Heart with Sadneſs and Grief; but all together, what Amazement and Confuſion will they cauſe, eſpecially when he ſhall perceive that Sins produce an uglinſs in the Soul beyond all the corporal Deformities which can be imagined? Let us therefore avoid them now, for all are to come to light, and we

muſt

muſt account for all, even to the laſt Farthing. Neither is this account to be made in groſs only, for the greateſt and moſt apparent ſins, but even for the leaſt and ſmalleſt. In human Tribunals, the Judge takes no notice of ſmall Matters; but in the Courts of Divine Judicature nothing paſſes, the leaſt things are as diligently lookt into as the greater. There is alſo in the end of Life, another cauſe of much Terror unto Sinners, which is the lively knowledg which they ſhall have of the Divine Benefits received, and the charge which ſhall be laid againſt them for their great ingratitude and abuſe of them; in that inſtant Sinners are not only to ſtand in fear of their own bad works, but of the grace and benefits of God Almighty conferred upon them.

Another confuſion ſhall cover them, where they ſhall ſee what God hath done, to oblige and aſſiſt them toward their Salvation; and what they to the contrary have done, to draw upon them their own Damnation; they ſhall tremble to ſee what God did for their good; and that he did ſo much as he could do no more, all which hath been miſimployed and abuſed by themſelves.

We will conſider every one of theſe Benefits

Benefits by themſelves; the firſt which occurs, is that of the Creation; and what could God do more, ſince in this one benefit of thy Creation, he gave thee all what thou art, both in Soul and Body? If wanting an Arm thou would eſteem thy ſelf much obliged, and be very thankful unto him, who ſhould beſtow one upon thee, which were ſound, ſtrong and uſeful; why art thou not ſo to God, who hath given thee Arms, Heart, Soul, Body, and all?

Conſider, what thou wert before he gave thee a being; nothing; and now thou enjoyeſt not only a being, but the beſt being of the Elemental World: Betwixt being and not being, there is an infinite diſtance; ſee then what thou oweſt unto thy Creator; and thou ſhalt find thy Debt to be no leſs than infinite, ſince he hath not only given thee a being, but a noble being; and that not by neceſſity, but out of an infinite love, and by election, making choice of thee amongſt an infinity of Men, poſſibly, whom he might have created. If Lots were to be caſt among an hundred Perſons for ſome Honourable Charge, how fortunate would he be eſteemed, who ſhould draw the Lot from ſo many Competitors? Behold then thy

thy own happineſs, who from an abſolute nothing hath light upon a being amongſt an infinity of Creatures poſſible; and whence proceeds this ſingular favour, but from God? Who out of thoſe numberleſs Millions, hath pickt out thee, he having many others, who if he had created them, would have ſerved him better than thy ſelf; beſides this, he not only Created thee by Election, and gave thee a noble Being; but ſupernatural Happineſs, being no way due unto thy Nature, he created Thee for it, and gave Thee for thy End the moſt high and eminent that could be imagined, to wit, the Eternal Poſſeſſion of thy Creator.

It being then ſo great a Benefit to have created Thee, it's yet a greater to have preſerved and ſuffered Thee until this inſtant, without caſting Thee into a Thouſand Hells for thy Sins and Offences. How many for one only Fault committed, hath he withdrawn his Preſervation, and ſuffered them to die in that Sin for which they are now in Hell? And ſome of them, if they had been pardoned, would have proved more grateful than thou! Behold how many Angels for their firſt Offence, he threw headlong down from Heaven, and expected them no longer, and yet ſtill expects Thee! Con-

Consider, Thou owest him for Preserving Thee, as much as for Creating Thee; Preservation being a continued Creation; and more for Preserving Thee, altho' his Enemy. In thy Creation, altho' thou didst not deserve a Being, yet thou demeritedst it not; but in thy Preservation thou hast deserved the contrary, which is to be forsaken and abandoned.

Consider the benefit thou receivest by the Incarnation of the Son of God; by which thou art delivered from Sin and Hell, and at such a time, when thy miserable Condition was desperate of all other remedy; and hath exalted thee to his Grace, and the Inheritance of the Kingdom of Heaven; and this he did with such singular Love, even to the annihilating as it were himself, that he might exalt Thee, taking upon himself thy Nature, that he might only confer an Honour upon Thee, which he would not to the Angels. All is great, all is Transcendent in this unspeakable Goodness; see what God could do more for Thee, and see that thou mayest do much more for him, and dost not.

Consider the benefit of our Redemption by the Death and Passion of Christ; what could the Son of God do more for thee than die and shed his Blood for thee,

and

and that not with an Ordinary Death, but ſo ignominious, as it ſeems he could not ſuffer more? Set before thy Eyes Chriſt Crucified upon Mount *Calvary*; if a Man more Infamous be imaginable; Executed publickly between two Thieves as a Traytor and an Heretick, broaching falſe Doctrin, and making himſelf King, as a Traytor unto *Cæſar*.

Two Crimes ſo Infamous, as they not only defame the Perſon who commits them, but ſtain and infect his ſtock and lineage. Behold in what Poverty he died, if greater can be thought on, to the end thou mayeſt ſee, if it were poſſible he ſhould do more for Thee, than what he did. Whilſt he lived, he had not whereon to repoſe his Head, neither found he one drop of Water to refreſh his ſacred Lips; even the Earth refuſed him, wanting whereon to reſt his Feet. Behold with what Grief and Pains he expired, ſince from Head to Foot he was but one continued Wound, his Feet and Hands were Pierced with Nails, and his Head with Thorns.

Who would not be amazed at the Goodneſs and Piety of a great Emperor, who having a deſire to Pardon a Notorious Traytor ſhould rather then abate one jot of his Juſtice, take upon him the habit

and

and ſhape of that Traytor, and ſuffer publickly in the Market-place, that the Offender might be ſpared? Thus did God, taking upon him the form of a Servant, and dying upon the Croſs, to free condemned Man from Eternal Death.

Conſider then how dreadful it ſhall be unto a Sinner, when he ſhall receive a Charge, not only of his own being, and his own Life, but alſo of the being and Life of God; of the Incarnation, Paſſion, Life and Death of Chriſt our Redeemer, who hath ſo often given himſelf in the Sacrament of his Body and Blood!

The Murtherer who ſtands charged with the Life of a Man, altho' it be of ſome wicked Perſon, yet fears to be apprehended and brought to Judgment; how is it then, that he who is charged with the Life of God, trembles not? O how fearful a thing is it, when a vile Creature ſhall enter into Judgment with his Creator, and ſhall be demanded an account of the Blood of Chriſt, whoſe value is infinite! What account can he give of ſuch a benefit, and of all the reſt, which he hath received, even from the greateſt unto the leaſt?

When Chriſt ſhall ſay unto him; I, when thou hadſt no Being gave Thee one, inſpired Thee with a Soul, and placed Thee above

above all things that are upon the Earth. I for thee created Heaven, Air, Sea, Earth, and all things, and yet am diſhonoured by thee, and held moſt Vile and Baſe, and yet for all this have not ceaſed to do thee good, and beſtowed upon thee innumerable benefits; for thy ſake, being God, I was content to make my ſelf a Servant; was Buffeted, Spit upon, and Condemned to a Puniſhment of Slaves; and to redeem thee from Death, ſuffered the Death of the Croſs. It's Heaven I intended for thee, and from thence ſent thee the Holy Ghoſt: I invited thee unto the Kingdom of Heaven, offered my ſelf to be thy Head, thy Spouſe, thy Food, thy Drink, thy Shepherd; I choſe thee for the Heir of Heaven, and drew thee out of Darkneſs into Light.

To ſuch exceſs of Love, what have we to anſwer, but to ſtand aſtoniſhed and confounded that we have been ſo ungrateful, and given occaſion to the Devil, of one of the greateſt ſcorns and injuries which could be put upon our Redeemer? When he ſhall ſay unto him, Thou createdſt Man, for him waſt born in poverty, lived in labour, and Died in Pain and Torment; I have done nothing for him, but ſought to damn him into a thouſand Hells, and yet for all this, it's I whom he

ſtrives to pleaſe, and not thee; thou doſt prepare for him a Crown of Eternal Glory I deſire to torment him in Hell; and yet he had rather ſerve me without intereſt, than thee for thy Promiſe of ſo great a reward. I ſhould have been aſhamed to have Created and Redeemed a Wretch ſo ungreateful unto him from whom he hath received ſo great benefits; but ſince he loves me better than thee, let him be mine, unto whom he hath ſo often given up himſelf.

We are not only to give an account of theſe general benefits, but of thoſe which are more particular: Of the good Examples which we have ſeen; of the Inſtructions we have heard; of the Inſpiration which hath been ſent us; let us tremble that we are ſo careleſs of that, for which all the care in the World is not ſufficient. Now is the time of benefiting our ſelves; if we ſhall now deſpiſe it, in what caſe ſhall we be? Let us not miſſpend the time of this Life, ſince ſo ſevere an account will be demanded of all the benefits which we have received; let us take heed what uſe we make of this Temporal Life, let us not loſe it, ſince we are to anſwer for every part of it; this time is beſtowed upon us, wherin to gain Heaven;

Heaven; and a moſt ſtrict account will be demanded of us if we deſpiſe it. It is not ours, for which we are to anſwer, we are not the Lords of Time; let us not therefore diſpoſe of it for our own pleaſure, but for the ſervice of God, whoſe it is.

O God, every way moſt perfect and good! which art ſo ſcrupulous in thy Juſtice, and ſo indulgent in thy Mercy; rigorous with thy Self, that thou mighteſt be merciful unto us: O God, infinitly Good, infinitly Holy, infinitly juſt and perfect! We magnifie thee, we praiſe thee, we glorifie thee, we give thanks unto thee, Heavenly Father, for all thy Bleſſings thou haſt beſtowed upon us.

CHAP. X.

The end of all Time.

AFter we have finiſhed the time of this Life, the end of all Time is to ſucceed, which is to give a period unto all which we leave behind us: Let Man therefore know, that thoſe things which he leaves behind for his memory after Death, are as vain as thoſe he enjoyed in his Life: Let him raiſe proud *Mauſoleums*,

let him erect Statues of Marble, let him build populous Cities, let him leave a numerous Kindred, let him ſtamp his Name in Braſs, and fix his Memory with a Thouſand Nails, all muſt have an end: His Cities ſhall ſink, his Statues fall, his Family periſh his Memory be defaced, and all ſhall end, becauſe all Time muſt end; not only our Pleaſures and Delights are to end in Death, but our Memories, at the fartheſt are to end with Time; and ſince all are to conclude, all are to be deſpiſed as vain and periſhing.

If the Death of a Monarch or Prince of ſome corner of the World, Prognoſticated by an Eclipſe or Comet, cauſe a fear and amazement in the beholders, what ſhall the Death of the whole World, and with it all things Temporal, and of Time it ſelf, foretold by Angels, with prodigious Apparitions and dreadful Noiſe, produce in us? Time ſhall end, and the World ſhall die, and that if we may ſo ſay, a moſt horrible and diſaſterous Death. How much the whole World, and the whole Race of Mankind, exceeds one particular perſon, by ſo much ſhall the univerſal end ſurpaſs in Terror the particular end of this Life.

Let us look upon the ſtrange manner of the

the end of the World, which being ſo terrible, gives us to underſtand the vanity and deceit of all things in it. As it is uſual in Wars to skirmiſh and to make inroads before the day of Battel, ſo before that dreadful day wherein the Army of Vengeance and of all puniſhments are to encounter with the Army of Sin, the Lord ſhall from divers parts ſend forth ſeveral Calamities, as Plagues, Famine, Earthquakes, War, Inundations, Droughts, which ſhall be forerunners of that great Day of Battle; which ſhall, like Light-Horſemen, ſcour the *Campania*: And if thoſe miſeries do now ſo much afflict us, what ſhall they then do when God ſhall add unto them his utmoſt Force and Power? when all Creatures ſhall Arm againſt Sinners, and the Zeal of the Divine Juſtice ſhall be their Captain General, which the Wiſe Man declares in theſe words, His Zeal ſhall take up Arms, and ſhall Arm the Creatures to revenge him of his Enemies: He ſhall put on Juſtice as a Breaſt-Plate, and Righteous Judgment as a Helmet; and he ſhall take Equity as a Buckler, and ſhall ſharpen his Wrath as a Lance, and the circuit of the Earth ſhall Fight for him; Thunderbolts ſhall be ſent from the Clouds, as a well-ſhooting Bow, and ſhall *Sap. 5.*

not fail to hit the Mark; and Hail ſhall be ſent full of Stormy Wrath; the Waters of the Sea ſhall threaten them, the Rivers ſhall combate furiouſly; a moſt Stormy Wind ſhall riſe againſt them, and ſhall divide them as a Whirlwind.

Very dreadful are theſe Words, altho' they contain but the War which Three of the Elements are to make againſt Sinners; but not only Fire, Air and Water, but Earth alſo and Heaven, ſhall fall upon them and confound them: for all the Creatures ſhall expreſs their Fury in that Day, and ſhall riſe againſt Man; and if the Clouds ſhall diſcharge Thunderbolts and Stones upon their Heads, the Heavens ſhall Shoot no leſs Balls than Stars, which ſhall fall from thence; if Hail no bigger than little Stones, falling but from the Clouds, deſtroy the Fields, and ſometimes kill the leſſer ſort of Cattel, what ſhall pieces of Stars do, falling from the Firmament or upper Region?

As in Man, who is called the leſſer World, when he is to die, the Humors which are as the Elements, are troubled and out of Order; his Eyes, which are as the Sun and Moon, are darkned; his other Senſes, which are as the leſſer Stars, fall away; his Reaſon, which is as the Celeſtial

Celeſtial Vertues, is off the Hinges; ſo in the death of the greater World, before it diſſolve and expire, the Sun ſhall be turned into Darkneſs, the Moon into Blood, the Stars ſhall fall, and the whole World ſhall tremble with a horrid Noiſe. If the Sun, Moon, and other Cleſtial Bodies, which are held incorruptible, ſhall ſuffer ſuch changes, what ſhall be done with thoſe frail and corruptible Elements of Earth, Air and Water? If this inferior World doth depend upon the Heavens, thoſe Celeſtial Bodies being altered and broken in pieces, in what Eſtate muſt the lower Elements remain, when the Vertues of Heaven ſhall faulter, and the wandring Stars ſhall loſe their way, and fail to obſerve their order?

How ſhall the Air be troubled with violent and ſudden Whirlwinds, Dark Tempeſts, horrible Thunders, and furious Flaſhings of Lightning! How ſhall the Earth tremble with dreadful Earthquakes, opening her ſelf with a Thouſand Mouths, and caſting forth, as it were, whole Volcanes of Fire and Sulphur; and not content to overthrow the loftieſt Towers, ſhall ſwallow up high Mountains, and bury Cities in her Entrails? How ſhall the Sea then rage, mounting her proud Waves above

the Clouds, as if they meant to overwhelm the whole Earth? The Roaring of the Ocean ſhall aſtoniſh thoſe who are far diſtant from the Sea, and inhabit in the midſt of the firm Land; therefore it's ſaid, that there ſhall be in the Earth afflictions of Nations for the confuſion of the Noiſe of the Sea.

What ſhall Men do in this general perturbation of Nature? They ſhall remain amazed and pale as Death: What comfort ſhall they have? They ſhall ſtand gazing one upon another, and every one ſhall conceive a new fear, by beholding in his Neighbours Face the Image of his own Death. What fear and horror ſhall then poſſeſs them, when they ſhall hourly expect the ſucceſs and dire effects portended by thoſe monſtrous prodigies? All commerce ſhall then ceaſe; the Market places ſhall be unpeopled, and the Tribunals remain ſolitary and ſilent; none ſhall then be ambitious of Honours, none ſhall ſeek after Paſtimes and new invented Pleaſures; nor ſhall the covetous Wretch then buſie himſelf with the care of his Treaſures; none ſhall frequent the Palaces of Kings and Princes, but through fear ſhall forget even to Eat and Drink; all their care ſhall be employed how to eſcape theſe

Deluges

Deluges, Earthquakes, and Lightning, ſeeking for places of ſecurity, which they ſhall not meet with: Who will remember the ſumptuous Buildings he hath rear'd; the Beauty he hath once doated upon?

If we ſhall forget what we our ſelves moſt valued and gloried in, how ſhall we remember that of others? What remembrance ſhall there then be of the Acts of that great *Alexander*? Of the Learning of *Ariſtotle*? Of the Wiſdom of *Solomon*? And of the Endowments of the moſt Renowned Men of the World? Their Fame ſhall remain from thenceforward for ever buried, and ſhall die with the World for a whole Eternity.

The Mariners, when in ſome furious Tempeſt they are upon point of ſinking, how are they amazed at the rage of the watry Element? How grieved and afflicted with ruin which threatens them? What Prayers and Vows do they ſend up to Heaven? How diſintereſted are they of all Worldly matters, ſince they fling their Wealth and Riches into the Sea, for which they have run ſuch hazard? In what condition ſhall be then the Inhabitants of the Earth, when not only the Sea with his raging, but Heaven and Earth, with a Thouſand Prodigies, ſhall affright them?

UMI - 1994

them? When the Sun ſhall put on a Robe of Mourning, and amaze them with the horror of his Darkneſs; when the Moon ſhall look like Blood, the Stars fall, and the Earth ſhall ſhake them with its unquiet trembling; when the Whirlwinds ſhall throw them off their Legs, and frequent and thick Flaſhes of Lightning dazzel their ſight, and confound their underſtanding; what ſhall Sinners then do, for whoſe ſake all theſe fearful wonders ſhall happen?

Let us, by the particular changes which have happened, judge how dreadful the conjunction of ſo many and ſo great Calamities in the end of the World altogether will be. But if all the alterations paſt of the Elements, were no more than skirmiſhes; what ſhall then be the Battle which they are to give unto Sinners, when the Heavens ſhall ſhoot their Arrows, and give the Alarm, with prodigious Thunders, and ſhall declare their wrath with horrible Apparations?

In the laſt days the Sun ſhall hide his Beams under a mourning Garment; and theMoon ſhall Cloath her ſelf with Blood, to ſignifie the War, which all the Creatures are to make with Fire and Blood againſt thoſe who have deſpiſed their Creator;

tor; when on one ſide the Earth ſhall rouſe it ſelf up againſt them, and ſhall ſhake them off her Back, as unwilling to endure their Burdens any longer; when the Sea ſhall purſue and aſſault them within their own Houſes; and the Air ſhall not permit them to be ſafe in the Fields? Certainly it ſhall then be no wonder, if they ſhall deſire the Mountains to cover them, and the Hills to hide them within their Caverns: What ſhall it be then when the Lord of all ſhall Arm all the Elements againſt Man, and ſhall give the Alarm to all Creatures, to revenge himſelf upon him, ſo ungrateful for his infinite benefits?

The Creatures now groan to ſee themſelves abuſed by Man, in contempt of his and their Creator; but they ſhall then ſhake off their Yoaks, and ſhall revenge themſelves of the grievances which they ſuffer under him, and the injuries he hath done unto the Creator of all: All the Elements, all Creatures, the whole World ſhall be up in Arms againſt Man; the Summer ſhall be changed into Winter, and Winter into the Summer; no Creature ſhall obſerve the prefixed Law with him who hath not obſerved the Law of his Creator, that ſo they may revenge both God and themſelves; but more terrible then

then is that which follows, that after ſo
Apoc. c. 9. many Calamities, the Bottomleſs Pit, which is Hell, ſhall burſt open, and out of his profound Throat belch forth ſo thick a Smoke, as ſhall wholly darken the Sun and Air, from which Smoke ſhall ſally forth a multitude of deformed Locuſts, which in great ſwarms ſhall diſperſe themſelves over the Face of the whole Earth, and leaving the Fields, Herbs, and what is ſown, fall upon ſuch Men as have been unfaithful unto God, and ſhall for five Months Torment them with greater rage than Scorpions.

Some Doctors underſtand thoſe Locuſts according to the letter; that they ſhall be a certain kind of true Locuſts, but of a ſtrange Figure and Fierceneſs; others, that they ſhall be Devils in Hell in the Shape of Locuſts; and it's no marvel, that in the deſtruction of the World, Devils ſhall appear in viſible forms, ſince in the deſtruction of *Babylon*, they appeared in divers Figures of Beaſts, as was Propheſied by *Iſaiah*.

But how ſhall it then fare with Sinners, when after all ſhall come that general Fire, ſo often foretold, which ſhall either fall from Heaven, or aſcend out of Hell, or (according to *Albertus Magnus*) proceed from

from both, and ſhall devour and conſume all it meets with? Whither ſhall the miſerable flie, when that River of Flames, or (to ſay better) that Inundation and Deluge of Fire ſhall ſo encompaſs them, as no place of ſurety ſhall be left, where nothing can avail but a holy Life, when all beſides ſhall periſh in that univerſal ruin of the whole World?

What lamentations were in *Rome*, when it Burnt for ſeven Days together? What Shrieks were heard in *Troy*, when it was wholly conſumed with Flames? What Howling and Aſtoniſhment in *Pentapolis* when thoſe Cities were deſtroyed with Fire from Heaven? What weeping was there in *Jeruſalem*, when they beheld the Houſe of God, the Glory of their Kingdom, the Wonder of the World, involved in Fire and Smoke? Imagin what theſe People felt, they ſaw their Houſes and Goods on Fire, and no poſſibility of ſaving them; when the Husband heard the Shrieks and Cries of his dying Wife, the Father of his little Children, and unawares perceived himſelf ſo encompaſſed with Flames, that he could neither relieve them nor free himſelf!

What then ſhall be the ſtreights and exigencies of that general burning, when thoſe

thoſe who ſhall eſcape Earthquakes, Inundations of the Sea, the Fury of Whirlwinds, and Lightning from Heaven, ſhall fall into that Univerſal Fire, that Deluge of Flames, which ſhall conſume all, and make an end of Men and their Memories? Of thoſe who lived before the Flood, and were Maſters of the World for ſo long a time, except it be of ſome few, we know nothing; thoſe Heroical Actions which certainly ſome of them performed, and gained by them incomparable Fame, lie Buried in the Waters, and there remains no more Memory of thoſe who did them, than if they had never been Born; no more permanent ſhall be the Fame of thoſe which now reſounds in the Ears of the whole World; *Cyrus*, *Alexander*, *Hannibal*, *Scipio*, *Cæſar*, *Auguſtus*, *Plato*, *Ariſtotle*, *Hippocrates*, *Euclid*, and the reſt; no more World, no more Fame, this Fire ſhall end all the Smoke.

And indeed the World may be ſaid to be like a Houſe full of Smoke; which in ſuch manner blinds the Eyes, as it ſuffers not thoſe within it to ſee things as they are; and ſo the World with its deceits ſo diſguiſe the nature of human things, as we perceive not what they are; Ambition and human Honour (which the World

ſo

ſo much dotes after) are no more than Smoke, without ſubſtance, which ſo blinds our Underſtandings, that we know not the truth of that we ſo much covet: It's no marvel that ſo much Smoke comes at laſt to end in Flames.

What ſhall it then profit the Worldlings to have Rich Veſſels of Gold and Silver, Curious Embroideries, Precious Tapeſtries, Pleaſant Gardens, Sumptuous Palaces, and all what the World now eſteems, when they ſhall with their own Eyes behold their coſtly Palaces Burnt, their Rich and curious pieces of Gold melted, and their flouriſhing and pleaſant Orchards conſumed, without Power to preſerve them or themſelves? All ſhall burn, and with it the World, and all the Memory and Fame of it ſhall die; and that which Mortals thought to be Immortal, ſhall then end and periſh.

No more ſhall *Ariſtotle* be cited in the Schools, nor *Ulpian* alledged in the Tribunals; no more ſhall *Plato* be read amongſt the learned, nor *Cicero* imitated by the Orators; no more ſhall *Seneca* be admired by the underſtanding, nor *Alexander* extolled among Captains; all Fame ſhall then die, and all Memory be forgotten: O Vanity of Men, whoſe Memorials are as vain as

as themſelves, which in few years periſh, and that which laſts longeſt, can endure no longer than the World! What became of that Statue of Maſſie Gold, which *Gorgias* the *Scontine* placed in *Delphos* to eternize his Name; and that of *Garbrion* in *Rome*, and that of *Beroſus* with the Golden Tongue in *Athens*, and innumerable others erected to great Captains in Braſs or hardeſt Marble? Certainly many years ſince they are periſhed; if not they ſhall periſh in this great and general Conflagration; only Vertue no Fire can burn.

Three Hundred and Sixty Statues were erected by the *Athenians* unto *Demetrius*, *Phalerus*, for having governed their Common-wealth Ten Years with great Vertue and Prudence; but of ſo little continuance were thoſe Trophies, that thoſe very Emblems which were raiſed by Gratitude, were ſoon after deſtroyed by Envy; and he himſelf who ſaw his Statues ſet up in ſo great a number, ſaw them alſo pulled down; but he ſtill retained this comfort, which Chriſtians may learn from him, that beholding how they threw his Images unto the ground, he could ſay at laſt, They cannot overthrow thoſe Vertues, for which they were erected. If they were

true

true Vertues, he ſaid well; for thoſe neither Envy can demoliſh, nor Human power deſtroy.

And which is more, the Divine Power will not in this general deſtruction of the World conſume them, but will preſerve in his eternal Memory as many as ſhall perſevere in goodneſs, and die in his holy Grace; for only Charity, Holineſs, and Chriſtian Vertues ſhall not end, when the World ends.

The Rich Man ſhall not be preſerved by his Wealth, nor the Mighty by his Power, nor the Crafty by his Wiles; only the Juſt ſhall be freed by his Vertues; none ſhall eſcape the terror of that Day, by faſt Sailing Ships, or Speed of Horſes; the Sea it ſelf ſhall burn, and the Fire ſhall overtake the Swifteſt Poſt; only Holineſs and Charity ſhall defend the Servants of God.

How then ſhall I, miſerable Sinner, in this univerſal Conflagration behave my ſelf? What Counſel ſhall I take in that extremity, when my own Conſcience ſhall be my Accuſer, and when I ſhall behold the World all on Fire about me? Whither ſhall I flee for ſafety, when no place will afford it? Shall I climb unto the Mountains? Thither the Flames will follow me. Shall I deſcend into the Valleys? Thither

the Fire will purſue me. Shall I ſhut up my ſelf in ſome ſtrong Caſtle or Tower? but there the wrath of God will aſſault me, and the Fire will paſs the Foſſes, conſume the Bulwarks, and make an end of them and me. What ſhall I poor Wretch do? Let thy Power, O Lord, Triumph over my miſery, and glorifie thy ſelf in my greateſt extremities; and thy will, O Lord, be done, if it be thy Divine Pleaſure, in my confuſion.

CHAP. XI.

Of the laſt Day of Time, and of the Judgment which is to paſs upon all things in the World.

WE muſt ſuppoſe that the coming of Chriſt to Judgment, is to be with greater Terror and Majeſty than hath yet been manifeſted by any of the Divine Perſons, either in himſelf, or any of his Creatures. If an Angel which repreſented God, and was only to promulgate the Law, came with that Terror and Majeſty unto Mount *Sinai*, as made the *Hebrew* people, tho' purified and prepared for his coming, to Quake and Tremble; what ſhall the Lord of the Law do, when he

he himſelf comes to take an account of the Law, to revenge the breach of it? With what Terror and Majeſty ſhall he appear unto Sinners, and to ſuch which are unprepared for his reception, who are then to be all preſent, and Judged in that laſt Day of Time? For after thoſe prodigious Thunders, Lightnings, Earthquakes and Prodigies, after burning in that Deluge of Fire, the Sinners of the World, the Saints remaining ſtill alive, that that Article of our Faith may be literally fulfilled, *From thence he ſhall come to Judge both the Quick and the Dead*; the Heavens ſhall open, and over the Vallies of *Jehoſaphat*, the Redeemer of the World, attended by all the Angels of Heaven, inviſible Forms of admirable ſplendor, ſhall with a Divine Majeſty deſcend to judge it.

Before the Judge ſhall be born his Standard, which *Chryſoſtom* and divers other Doctors affirm, ſhall be the very Croſs on which he ſuffered; then ſhall the Juſt meet (as the Apoſtle ſays) their Redeemer in the Air, who, at his iſſuing forth of the Heavens, ſhall with a Voice that may be heard of all the World, pronounce this his Commadment, *Ariſe ye Dead and come unto Judgment*, which ſhall be proclaimed

Chryſoſt. Tom. 3. de Cruce.

by Four Angels in the Four Quarters of the World, with ſuch Vehemence, that the ſound ſhall pierce unto the Infernal Region, from whence the Souls of the Damned ſhall iſſue forth, and re-enter their Bodies, which ſhall from thenceforward ſuffer the terrible Torments of Hell; the Souls of the bleſſed filling their Bodies with the four Gifts of Glory, ſhall make them more reſplendent than the Sun, and with the Gift of Agility ſhall joyn themſelves with thoſe juſt who remain alive in the Air in their paſſible Bodies; which being yet Mortal, and therefore not able to endure theſe Vehement affections of the Heart, of Joy, Deſire, Reverence, Love and Admiration of Chriſt; ſhall then die, and in that inſtant behold the Divine Eſſence, after which their Souls ſhall be again immediately united to their Bodies, before they can be corrupted, or ſo much as fall unto the ground, and thenceforward continue Glorious; for in the Moment wherein they die, they ſhall be purified from thoſe Noxious Humors and Qualities wherewith our Bodies are now infected.

And therefore it was convenient they ſhould firſt die, that being ſo cleanſed from all filth, they might by the reſtitution of their

their bleſſed Souls receive Gifts of Glory. Who can expreſs the Joy of thoſe happy Souls, when they ſhall take poſſeſſion of their new Glorious and Beautiful Bodies, which were long ſince eaten by Worms, or wild Beaſts, ſome four, ſome five thouſand years ago, turned into Duſt and Aſhes? What thanks ſhall they give unto God, who after ſo long a ſeparation hath reſtored them to their ancient Companions? But the Souls of the Damned, how ſhall they rage and curſe their own Fleſh, ſince to pleaſe and pamper it, hath been the occaſion of their Torments and Eternal Unhappineſs?

The Reprobates being then in the Valley of *Jehoſaphat*, and the predeſtinate in the Air, the Judge ſhall appear above Mount *Olivet*, unto whom the Clouds ſhall ſerve as a Chariot, and his moſt glorious Body ſhall caſt forth Rays of ſuch incomparable Splendor, as the Sun ſhall appear but as a Coal; for even the predeſtinate ſhall ſhine as the Sun, but the Light and Brightneſs of Chriſt ſhall far exceed them, as the Sun doth the leaſt Star; the which moſt admirable Sight ſhall be yet more Glorious by thoſe Thouſand Millions of Excellent and Heavenly Spirits which ſhall attend him, who having formed *Zec. c.* 16.

ed themſelves Aerial Bodies of more or leſs ſplendor, according to their Hierarchy and Order, ſhall fill the whole ſpace betwixt Heaven and Earth, with unſpeakable Beauty and Variety.

The Saviour of the World ſhall ſit upon a Throne of great Majeſty, his Countenance ſhall be moſt Mild and Peceable towards the good, and (tho' the ſame) moſt terrible unto the bad; out of his ſacred Wounds ſhall iſſue Beams of Light towards the juſt, full of Love and Sweetneſs; but unto Sinners full of Fire and Wrath, who ſhall Weep bitterly for the Evils which iſſue from them; ſo great ſhall be the Majeſty of Chriſt, that the Miſerable, Damned, and the Devils themſelves, notwithſtanding, all the Hate they bear him, ſhall yet proſtrate themſelves and adore him, and to their greater confuſion acknowledge him for Lord and God; and thoſe who have moſt Blaſphem'd him ſhall then Bow before him, fulfilling the Promiſes of the Eternal Father, that all things ſhould be ſubject unto him, that he would make his Enemies his Footſtool, and that all Knees ſhould bend before him; here alſo ſhall the Sinners behold him in Glory, whom they have deſpiſed for vain Trifles of the Earth.

Pſal. 109. 1 *Cor.* 15. *Phil.* 2.

What

What an amazement will it be to ſee him King of ſo great Majeſty, who ſuffered ſo much Ignominy upon the Croſs, and even from thoſe whom he redeemed with his moſt precious Blood? What will they then ſay, who in ſcorn Crowned the Sacred Temples of the Lord with Thorns, put a Reed in his Hand for a Scepter, Cloathed him in ſome Old and broken Garment of Purple, Buffetted and Spit upon his bleſſed Face? I know not how the Memory of this doth not burſt our Hearts with Compunction!

There ſhall be Thrones for the Apoſtles, and thoſe Saints who poor in Spirit have left all for Chriſt, who ſitting now as Judges with their Redeemer, and condemning by their good Example the ſcandalous Lives of Sinners, ſhall approve the Sentence of the ſupreme Judge, and declare his great Juſtice before the World, which with the wicked ſhall remain confounded and amazed; the Tyrants who have afflicted and put to Death the holy Martyrs, what will they now ſay, when they ſhall ſee them in this Glory? Thoſe who trampled under Foot the Juſtice and Right of the Poor of Chriſt, what will they do when they ſhall behold their Judges? How confounded ſhall be the Kings of the Earth,

when they ſhall behold their Vaſſals in Glory? And Lords, when they ſhall ſee their Slaves amongſt the Angels, and themſelves in equal Rank with Devils? The good he ſhall place upon his Right Hand, elevated in the Air, that all the World may honour them as Holy; and the Wicked ſhall ſtand far at his left, remaining upon the Earth to their own confuſion and Scorn of all.

Immediately the Books of all Mens Conſciences ſhall be opened, and their Sins publiſhed to the whole World; the moſt ſecret Sins of their Hearts, and thoſe filthy Acts which were committed in private, ſhall all to their great ſhame and confuſion be then diſcovered; the Vertuous Actions of the Juſt, how ſecretly ſo ever performed, their holy Thoughts, their pious Deſires, their pure Intentions, their good Works, which the World now diſeſteems as Madneſs, ſhall then be manifeſted, and they for them be honoured by the whole World.

Nothing ſhall be of greater confuſion unto Sinners, than to behold thoſe who have committed equal and greater Sins than themſelves, to be there in Glory; becauſe they made uſe of the time of Repentance, which they deſpiſed and neglected

neglected. This confuſion ſhall be augmented by that inward charge which God ſhall lay againſt them of his Divine benefits, unto which their Angel-Guardians ſhall aſſiſt, by giving Teſtimony how often they have diſſuaded them from their Evil courſes; and how Rebellious and Refractory they have ſtill been to their Holy Inſpirations: The Saints ſhall accuſe them, that they have laughed at their good Counſels; and ſhall ſet forth the dangers whereunto they themſelves have been ſubject by their Ill Example.

The Juſt Judge ſhall then immediately pronounce Sentence in favour of the good, in theſe Words of Love and Mercy, *Come ye bleſſed of my Father, poſſeſs the Kingdom which was prepared for you from the Creation of the World.* O what Joy ſhall fill the Saints! And what ſpight and envy ſhall burſt the Hearts of Sinners! But more, when thoſe miſerable Wretches ſhall hear the ſevere Judge ſay, *Depart from me, ye curſed, into Eternal Fire, prepared for Satan and his Angels:* With this Sentence they ſhall remain for ever overthrown, and covered with eternal Sorrow and Confuſion. *Depart from me*; Alas, Dread Sovereign! Whither ſhall they go to avoid thy diſpleaſure! Art thou not in Heaven, in Hell, and

and every where? Doſt not thou fill Heaven and Earth? Doſt not thou hold the Univerſe in thy Hands? And doth not thy Power comprehend all things? To whom ſhall they betake themſelves? Art not thou he who haſt the words of Eternal Life, who art even thy ſelf Life Everlaſting? Whither wilt thou have theſe miſerable Creatures to retire themſelves? Do what they can, they cannot go out of thee, ſince in thee all things have Motion, Being and Life. Be gone barren Trees, twice Dead, Rooted out of the Bleſſed Earth, and are only fit to be caſt into the Fire; you are not worthy to take up place in the Paradiſe of Heaven, where no Trees are Planted, but ſuch as bear good Fruit.

Pſal. 54. At that inſtant the Fire of that general burning ſhall inveſt thoſe miſerable Creatures; the Earth ſhall open, and Hell ſhall enlarge its Throat to ſwallow them for all Eternity, accompliſhing that Maledi&tion,

Pſal. 10. *Let death come upon them, and let them ſink alive into Hell*; Snares, Fire and Sulphur, ſhall Rain upon Sinners: But the Juſt ſhall then rejoyce, ſinging that Song of the Lamb related by S. *John*, *Great and marvellous are thy works, O Lord God Omnipotent; juſt and righteous are thy ways, King*

Apoc. 15.

of

of all Eternity; who will not fear thee, O Lord, and magnifie thy Name? With thouſand other Anthems of Joy and Jubilee they ſhall aſcend above the Stars in a moſt Glorious Triumph, until they arrive in the Emperial Heaven, where they ſhall be placed in Thrones of Glory, which they ſhall enjoy for an Eternity of Eternities.

In the mean time the Earth, which was polluted for having ſuſtained the Bodies of the damned, ſhall be purified in that general burning; and then ſhall be renewed the Earth, the Heavens, the Stars and the Sun; which ſhall ſhine Seven times more than before; and the Creatures which have been here violated and oppreſſed by the abuſe of Man, ſhall then rejoyce to ſee themſelves freed from the Tyranny of Sin and Sinners, and joyful of the Triumph of Chriſt, ſhall put on Mirth and Gladneſs.

This is the end wherein all Time is to determin; and this the Cataſtrophe, ſo fearful unto the wicked, where all things Temporal are to conclude: Let us therefore take heed how we uſe them; and that we may uſe them well, let us be mindful of this laſt Day, this Day of Juſtice and Calamity, this Day of Terror and Amazement; the Memory whereof will ſerve much for the Reformation of our Lives;

let

let us think of it, and fear it, for it's the moſt terrible of all things terrible, and the conſideration moſt profitable and acceptable to cauſe in us a Holy fear of God and to convert us unto Him. While I live I will therefore ever preſerve in my Memory this Day of Terror, that I may hereafter enjoy ſecurity for the whole Eternity of God. Above all things, I will keep before my Eyes the laſt of all Days; and all the Moments of my Life, I will think, and for ever think of Eternity.

Con-

CONTEMPLATIONS OF THE STATE of MAN.

LIB. II.

CHAP. I.

Of the Greatneſs of things Eternal.

ALTHO all Temporal things are in themſelves little and baſe, yet unto him, who ſhall conſider the Greatneſs and Majeſty of the Eternal, they will appear much leſs, and contemptible.

The Greatneſs of the Glory Eternal conſiſts not only in the Eternity of it's duration; but in its intention alſo, as being Supreme, and without limits in its excellency: And therefore we ought not to

to think much at the ſufferings of a thouſand years Torments, or to remain in Hell it ſelf for ſome long time, ſo we might behold Chriſt in his Glory, and enjoy the company of Saints, and be partakers of ſo great a happineſs, but for one day.

Such is the Beauty of Righteouſneſs, ſuch the joy of that Eternal Light of that immutable Truth and Wiſdom, that altho' we were not to continue in it above one day, yet for ſo ſhort a time a thouſand years in this Life, repleniſhed with delight, and abundance of all Goods temporal, were juſtly to be deſpiſed; *One day in thy Courts is better than a Thouſand:* And if thoſe joys of Heaven were ſhort, and thoſe of Earth Eternal, yet we ought to forſake Theſe for Thoſe: What ſhall it be to poſſeſs them for an Eternity, when the joy of each day ſhall be Equivalent to many years? If the Beauties of all Creatures, Heavens, Earth, Flowers, Pearls, and all other things that could give any light, were all compriſed in one thing; if every one of the Stars yielded as much light as the Sun, and the Sun ſhined as bright as all they together: All this ſo united, would be, in reſpect of the beauty of God Almighty, as a dark Night in reſpect of the cleareſt day: As *Ahaſuerus* who

who reigned from *India* to *Æthiopia*, over One Hundred and Seventy Princes, made a great Feaſt for all his Princes, which laſt One hundred eighty one Days: So ſhall this King of Heaven and Earth make his great Supper of Glory, which ſhall laſt for all Eternity, for the ſetting forth of his Majeſty, and for the honour and entertainment of his Servants; where the Joys ſhall be ſuch, as neither the Eye hath ſeen, nor the Ear hath heard, nor hath entred into the Heart of Man to conceive: *Come Eat and Drink, and be filled, my beloved*, ſhall the King of Heaven ſay; *this feaſt of-mine ſhall never be ended, there ſhall come no ſorrow after it.* O Life of Lives, ſurpaſſing all Life! O everlaſting Life! O Life bleſſed for evermore! Where there is Joy without Sorrow. O the inanity and emptineſs of temporal Goods! what proportion do they hold with this Greatneſs, ſince they are ſo poor, that even Time, from whence they have their being makes them tedious, and not to be endured? Who could continue a whole Month without any diverſion, in hearing the choiceſt Muſick? Nay, who could paſs a day free from wearineſs, without ſome thoughts of Pleaſures? But ſuch is the greatneſs of theſe Joys which God hath

hath prepared for them who Love and Fear him, as we ſhall ſtill deſire them afreſh, and they will not cloy us in a whole Eternity.

Eternal Glory is great, both in reſpect of its purity, being free from all Ill; and in reſpect of its perfection, being highly and excellently good: It doth as far exceed all the grandeur of this World, as the Heavens are diſtant from the Earth; and how far that is, we ſhall form ſome conception of it, as much as our weakneſs is able to expreſs.

The moſt famous Mathematician *Chriſtopher Clavius* ſay, that from the Sphere of the Moon, which is the loweſt Heaven unto the Earth, are One hundred and twenty thouſand ſix hundred and thirty Miles: From the Heaven of the Sun, four Millions thirty thouſand nine hundred and twenty three Miles: And from the Firmament or Eighth Heaven, one hundred ſixty one Millions eight hundred fourſcore and four thouſand nine hundred and forty three Miles: Here *Plato* wills the Mathematicians to ceaſe their enquiries; for from hence there is no rule of meaſuring further; but without all doubt, it's much further from thence to the Empyræal Heaven: for the only thickneſs of the ſtarry

ſtarry Sphere is ſaid to contain as much as the whole ſpace betwixt that and the Earth: Inſomuch as if a Milſtone were thrown from the higheſt of the Firmament, and ſhould every Hour fall two hundred Miles, it would be Ninety years before it arrived at the Earth: The Mathematicians alſo, and ſome learned Interpreters of the Holy Scripture affirm, that the diſtance from the Earth unto the higheſt of the Firmament, is leſs than that from thence to the loweſt of the Empyreal Heaven; and therefore conclude if one ſhould live Two thouſand years, and every day ſhould travel a Hundred Miles, he ſhould not in all that time reach the loweſt of the Firmament: And if after that, he ſhould alſo travel other Two thouſand years, he ſhould not reach the higheſt of it; and from thence Four thouſand years before he arrived at the loweſt of the Empyreal Heaven: O Bleſſed Jeſu, which makes us in a moment diſpatch ſo great a Journy, and in one little inſtant brings the Souls of the Juſt thither; ſo ſhort is the way, which brings us to Heaven, that in an inſtant the Righteous ſhall mount above the Sun and Moon, tread the Stars under their Feet, and enter into the Heaven of the Bleſſed.

Proportionable unto this diſtance of place, is the advantage which the greatneſs of Heaven hath above that of Earth, and the ſame holds in their Bleſſings: Let us mount then with this Conſideration thither, and from that height let us deſpiſe all the vanities of this World: All the Kingdoms of the Earth are but as a Point, yea, but as a Point of a Point: He is higher than the World, who cares not for the World: But of Heaven *Baruch* could ſay: *How great is the Houſe of God, how large is the place of his Poſſeſſion?* It's great, and hath no end; high, and immeaſurable; if one, who had ever been bred in an obſcure Dungeon, were told, that above the Earth there was a Sun, which enlightned the whole World, and caſt his Beams far above a Hundred Thouſand Leagues in Circumference, all the diſcourſes which could be made unto ſuch a one would hardly make him conceive the brightneſs and beauty of the Sun; much leſs can the Glory of thoſe things of the other World be made to appear unto us, tho' ſet forth with the greateſt beauty the World affords.

Bar. c. 3.

O what Fools then are they, who for one Point of Earth loſe ſo many Leagues of Heaven! Who for one ſhort Pleaſure loſe things ſo immenſe and durable! O the greatneſs

greatneſs of the Omnipotency and Goodneſs of God! Who hath prepared ſuch Celeſtial Manſions and Glorious Things for the humble and little ones who ſerve him: *My Soul, O Lord my God, thirſteth after thee; I will behold thy Face in Righteouſneſs; for in thy Preſence is fulneſs of Joy, at thy Right Hand there are Pleaſures for evermore: Whatſoever I can wiſh for, is preſent with thee; whatſoever can be deſired, is in thee in abundance; thou ſhalt make me Drink of the River of thy Pleaſures; for with thee is the Fountain of Life, and in thy Light I ſhall ſee Light: How happy ſhall I be, when I ſhall ſee thee in thy ſelf, and thee in me, and my ſelf in thee, living in everlaſting Felicity, and enjoying the beatifical Viſion of thee for evermore; I will therefore truſt in thee my Lord God for ever; for in the Lord* Jehovah *there is everlaſting Happineſs, and Joys without end.* Pſa. 17. 15. Pſa. 16. 11. Pſa. 36. 8, 9. Iſa. 25. 4.

CHAP. II.

The greatneſs of the eternal honour of the juſt.

THE Greatneſs of thoſe Goods of the other Life, are Honours, Riches, Pleaſures, and all the Bleſſings both of

Body and Soul: Of each whereof we ſhall ſay ſomething apart; and will begin with that of Honour.

The Nature of Honour is to be a Reward of Vertue; and by how much greater the reward is, by ſo much the greater is the Honour which is conferred: What Honour ſhall it then be, when God ſhall give unto thoſe who ſerved him, not only to tread upon the Stars, to inhabit the Palaces of Heaven, to be Lords of the World; but Tranſcending all that is Created, and finding nothing amongſt his Riches ſufficient to reward them, ſhall give them his own infinite Eſſence to enjoy, as a recompence of their Holineſs, not for a Day, but to all Eternity?

The higheſt Honour, which the *Romans* beſtowed upon their greateſt Captains, was to grant them a Day of Triumph, and in that, permiſſion to wear a Crown of Graſs or Leaves, which Withered the Day following: But the Triumph of the Juſt ſhall be Eternal: And their never-fading Crown is God himſelf: O moſt happy Diadem, O moſt precious Garland of the Saints, which is of as great worth and value as is God himſelf! *Sapores*, King of the *Perſians*, was moſt ambitious of Honour, and would therefore be called the Brother of the Sun and

and Moon, and Friend to the Planets; this vain Prince erected a moſt glorious Throne, which he placed on high, and thereon ſat in great Majeſty, having under his Feet a Globe of Glaſs, whereon were artificially repreſented the Motions of the Sun, the Moon, and Stars; and to ſit Crowned above this Phantaſtical Heaven, he eſteemed as a great Honour. What ſhall be then the Honour of the Juſt who ſhall truly and really ſit above the Sun, the Moon, and Firmament, Crowned by the Hand of God himſelf; and that with a Crown of Gold, graven with the Seal of Holineſs and the Glory of Honour? And this Honour arrives at the heighth, that Chriſt himſelf tells us; *He who ſhall overcome, I will give him to ſit with me in my Throne; even as I have overcome, and have ſitten with the Father in his Throne*; O happy labour of the Victorious and Glorious Combat of the Juſt, againſt the Vices and Temptations of the World, whoſe Victory deſerves ſo ineſtimable a Crown! Apoc. 3.

How great ſhall be that Glory, when a juſt Soul ſhall, in the preſence of an infinite number of Angels, ſit in the ſame Throne with Chriſt; and ſhall, by the juſt Sentence of God, be praiſed for a Conqueror over the World, and the inviſible

Powers of Hell? What can it desire more, than to be partaker of all those Divine Goods, and even to accompany Christ in the same Throne? O how chearfully do they bear all afflictions for Christ, who with a lively Faith and certain hope apprehend so sublime Honours!

If the Applause of Men, and the good Opinion which they have from others, be esteemed an Honour, what shall be the Applause of Heaven, and the good Opinion not only of Saints and Angels, but of God himself whose Judgment cannot Err? *David* took it for a great Honour, that the Daughter of his King was judged a reward of his Valour: God surpasses this, and honours so much the Service of his Elect, that he pays their Merits with no less a reward than himself.

Besides this, he who is most known, and is praised and celebrated for good and Vertuous by the greatest Multitude, is esteemed the most Glorious and Honourable person; but all this World is a Solitude in respect of the Citizens of Heaven, where innumerable Angels approve and praise the vertuous Actions of the Just; and they likewise are nothing, and all Creatures, Men and Angels, but as a solitary Wilderness, in respect of the Creator. What Man so

ſo glorious upon Earth, whoſe worth and valour hath been known to all? Thoſe who were born before him, could not know him: But the Juſt in Heaven ſhall be known by all, paſt and to come, and by all the Angels, and by the King of Men and Angels: Human Fame is founded upon the Applauſe of Mortal Men, who, beſides being leſs than Angels, may be deceived, may ſpeak untruth, and are moſt part of them Sinners and wicked; how far muſt that Honour exceed it, which is conferred upon the Juſt by the holy Angels, and by thoſe bleſſed and pure Souls who cannot be deceived themſelves, nor will deceive others? If we eſteem it more to be honoured by the Kings of the Earth, by the great Men of the World, than by ſome ignorant Peaſants of ſome poor Village; how ought we then to value the Honour which ſhall be beſtowed upon us by the Saints in Heaven, who are the Kings and Grandees of the Court of God, and are all repleniſhed with moſt perfect and Divine Wiſdom? All the Honour of Men is ridiculous, and his Ambition no wiſer who ſeeks it, than if one Worm ſhould deſire to be Honoured by another: All the Earth is but as a Village, or rather ſome ſmall Cottage, in reſpect of Heaven; let us

not therefore ſtrive for a Name upon Earth, but that our Names may be written in Heaven.

If *Saul* thought the Honour too much which was given to *David* by the Damſels, when they celebrated his Victory in their Songs, what ſhall it be to be celebrated by all the Angels and Saints in Celeſtial Reſponſories? When a Servant of God enters into Heaven, he ſhall be received with ſuch divine Muſick, all the bleſſed in Heaven often repeating thoſe Words in the Goſpel, *Well done good Servant and true; becauſe thou haſt been faithful in a few things, thou ſhalt be placed over much; enter into thy Maſters joy.* Which Words they ſhall repeat in Quires; this ſhall be a Song of Victory and Honour, above all the Honours of the Earth; being conferred by ſo Great, ſo Wiſe, ſo Holy, and ſo Authentick Perſons. Altho' the Honour and Applauſe which the juſt receive in Heaven from the Citizens of that holy City be incomparable; yet that Honour and reſpect, with which God himſelf ſhall treat them, is far above it; it is expreſſed in no meaner ſimilitude than that of the Honour done by the Servant unto his Lord; and therefore it's ſaid, that God himſelf ſhall as it were ſerve the bleſſed in Heaven at their Table.

Table. It's much amongſt Men to be ſeated at the Table of a Prince; but for a King to ſerve his Vaſſal, as if he himſelf were his Servant, who ever heard it?

David, when he cauſed *Mephiboſheth*, (altho' the Grandchild of a King, and the Son of an excellent Prince, unto whom *David* ought his Life) to ſit at his Table, he thought he did him a ſingular Honour; but this favour never extended to wait on him. The Honour which God beſtows upon the Juſt, exceeds all Human Imaginations; who, not ſatisfied with Crowning all the Bleſſed with his own Divinity, giving himſelf to be poſſeſſed and enjoyed by them for all Eternity, does alſo honour their Victories and Heroick Actions with new Crowns.

The Juſt ſhall ſhine like the Stars in the Firmament; and if the leaſt Saint in Heaven ſhall ſhine ſeven times more than the Sun, what ſhall that Light be, which ſhall out-ſhine ſo many Suns? *Apoc.* 1.21.

The Honour of the Juſt in Heaven depends not, like that of the Earth, upon accidents and reports, nor is expoſed to dangers, or meaſured by the diſcourſe of others; but in it ſelf contains its own Glory and Dignity. The *Romans* erected Statues unto thoſe, whom they intended to Honour, becauſe, being Mortal, their ſhould ſome-

ſomething remain after Death, to make their Perſons and Services, which they had done to the Common-weal, known to Poſterity; but in Heaven there is no need of this Artifice, becauſe thoſe, which are there Honoured, are Immortal, and ſhall have in themſelves ſome Character engraved, as an evident and clear token of their noble Victories and Atchievements: What greater Honour, than to be Friends of God, Sons, Heirs, and Kings in the Realm of Heaven?

Apoc. 4. Saint *John* in his *Apocalypſe* ſets forth this Honour of the Bleſſed, in the twenty four Elders, who were placed about the Throne of God; and in that Honour and Majeſty, as every one was ſeated in his Preſence, and that upon a Throne, Cloathed in White Garments, in ſign of their perpetual joy, and Crowned with a Crown of Gold, in reſpect of their Dignities. To be covered in the Preſence of Kings is the greateſt Honour they confer upon the chiefeſt Grandees; but God cauſes his Servants to be Crowned and ſeated upon Thrones before him; and our Saviour in the Day of Judgment makes his Diſciples his Fellow Judges. Certainly greater Honour cannot be imagined than that, which the Juſt receive in Heaven; for if we look upon him who Honours, it is God;

if

if with what, with no leſs joy than his own Divinity, and other moſt ſublime Gifts; if before whom, before the whole Theatre of Heaven; if the continuance, for all Eternity: Therefore let us ſo diſpoſe of our Lives here, and Live ſo Righteouſly and Holily, that we may be thought worthy of that Crown of Glory which he hath prepared for all thoſe who Love and Serve him.

CHAP. III.

Of the Riches of the Eternal Kingdom of Heaven.

THE Riches in Heaven are no leſs than the Honours; tho thoſe are, as hath been ſaid, Ineſtimable. There can be no greater Riches than to want nothing which is good, nor to need any thing which can be deſired; and in that bleſſed Life no good ſhall fail, nor no deſire be unſatisfied; if (as the Philoſophers ſay) he is not Rich who poſſeſſeth much, but he who deſires nothing; there being in Heaven no deſire unaccompliſhed, there muſt needs be great Riches; it was a Poſition of the *Stoicks*, that he was not Poor who wanted, but

but he who was neceſſitated; ſince then in the Celeſtial Kingdom there is neceſſity of nothing, moſt Rich is he who enters into it; by reaſon of theſe Divine Riches, Chriſt our Saviour when he ſpeaks in his Parables of the Kingdom of Heaven doth ſometimes call it, *the hidden Treaſure*, *the precious Pearls*; for if Divine Happineſs conſiſts in the eternal poſſeſſion of God, what Riches may be compared with his who enjoys him? And what Inheritance to that of the Kingdom of Heaven? And what poſſeſſion more precious than the Divinity, and what more to be deſired than the Creator of all things precious, who gives himſelf for a Poſſeſſion and Riches unto the Saints, to the end they ſhould abhor thoſe Riches which are Temporal, if by them the Eternal are endanger'd?

Beſides the poſſeſſion of God, the Juſt ſhall Reign with Chriſt Eternally in the Kingdom of Heaven; whoſe Riches muſt needs be immenſe, ſince they are to be Kings of ſo great and ample a Kingdom; if the Earth compared with Heaven be but a point, and yet contains ſo many Kingdoms; what ſhall that be which is but one Kingdom, and yet extended over the whole Heavens? Some famous Mathematicians ſay of the Empyreal Heaven, that it

it is ſo great, that if God ſhould allow unto every one of the bleſſed a greater ſpace than the whole Earth, yet there would remain as much more to give unto others; and that the capaciouſneſs of this Heaven is ſo great, that it contains more than Ten thouſand and fourteen Millions of Miles: What wonder will it be to ſee a City ſo great, of ſo precious matter! Divines confeſs the capaciouſneſs of this Heaven to be immenſe, but are more willing to admire it, than bold to meaſure it. It is all compoſed of Matter far more beautiful, and precious than Gold, Pearl and Diamonds; the Heavens which we diſcover, with the Sun and all the other Stars, are but the Pavement of the Eternal Firmament; the inhabitants thereof tread under their Feet the front of the brighteſt Stars: The Sun and Moon were made to give light to this low Elementary World, the Heavenly Lamb is the Lamp which doth lighten the Eternal *Sion*, the Manſion of Glory; what ſhall that place be, where the Saints in the light of Glory ſee the increated and inacceſſible light of the Deity!

Jo. Gaiter in Peregrina.

It's called a Kingdom, for its immenſe greatneſs; and a City, for its great Beauty and Population; it's full of Inhabitants of all Nations and Conditions; where are many

many Thouſands of Angels, an infinite number of the Juſt, even as many as have died ſince *Abel*; and thither alſo ſhall repair all who are to die unto the end of the World, and after Judgment ſhall there remain for ever inveſted in their Glorious Bodies: Neither ſhall this Populous City be Inhabited with mean and baſe People, but with Citizens ſo Noble, Rich, and Juſt, that all of them ſhall be moſt Holy and Wiſe Kings; how Happy ſhall it be to Live with ſuch Perſons! The Queen of *Sheba* only to ſee *Solomon*, came from the end of the Earth: To behold a King iſſue out of his Palace, all the people flock together; what ſhall it then be not only to ſee, but to Live and Reign with many Angels, and converſe with ſo many Eminent and Holy Men? If there ſhould now deſcend from Heaven one of the Prophets or Apoſtles, with what Earneſtneſs and Admiration would everyone ſtrive to ſee and hear him! In the other World we ſhall hear and ſee them all; how admirable will it be to ſee Thouſand of Thouſands in all their Beauty and greatneſs, and ſo many Glorious Bodies of Saints in all their Luſtre? If one Sun be ſufficient to clear up the whole World here below; what Joy ſhall it be to behold thoſe innumerable Suns in that Region of Light? This

This Kingdom of God is not like other Kingdoms, which contain huge Deſarts, inacceſſible Mountains, and thick Woods, nor is it divided into many Cities and Villages, diſtant one from another; but this Kingdom, altho' a moſt ſpacious Region, is all one beautiful City; who would not wonder if all *England* were but one City, and that as beautiful as *Rome* in the time of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, who found it of Brick, and left it of Marble? What a ſight were that of *Syria*, if all a *Jeruſalem*? What ſhall then be the Celeſtial City of Saints, whoſe greatneſs poſſeſs thewhole Heavens, and is, as the holy Scriptures deſcribe, (to exaggerate the Riches of the Saints) all of Gold and precious Stones? The Gates of this City were, as Saint *John* ſays, one entire Pearl, and the Foundation of the Walls *Jaſper*, *Saphire*, *Calcedon*, *Emerald*, *Topaz*, *Jacinth*, *Amethiſt*, and other moſt precious Stones; the Streets of Fine Gold, ſo pure as it ſeem'd Chryſtal, joyning in one ſubſtance the firmneſs of Gold, and Tranſparency of Chryſtal; and the Beauty both of one and the other: If all *England* were of *Saphire*, how would it amaze the World? how marvellous then will the holy City be, which tho' extended over ſo many Millions of Leagues, is all of Gold, Pearl, and

and precious Stones, or to ſay better, of a Matter of far more value, and peopled with ſuch a multitude of beautiful Citizens, who are as far above any imaginable number, as the capacity of this City is above any imaginable meaſure?

Of thoſe incomparable Riches, the bleſſed are not only to be Lords, but Kings; neither is the Celeſtial meaſure, or this Kingdom of Heaven, leſs or poorer by having ſo many Lords and Kings; it's not like the Kingdoms on Earth, which permit but one King at once; and if divided, become of leſs Power and Majeſty; but is of ſuch condition, that it's wholly poſſeſſed by all in general; and by each one in particular; like the Sun which warms all and every one; and not one leſs becauſe it warms many; the effects of Riches are much greater and more noble in Heaven, than they can be upon Earth: Wealth may ſerve us here to maintain our Power, Honours, and Delights; but all the Gold in the World cannot free us from Weakneſs, Infamy, or Pain; it cannot make a Calenture not to afflict us, or that the Pains of the Head or Gout do not moleſt us, or that Cares and Fears ſhall not break our Sleep; this only is to be had in Heaven; where their Power is ſo free from Weakneſs,

neſs, that one only Angel, without Army, Guns, Swords or Lance, could deſtroy at once One Hundred and Eighty Thouſand. *Reg.* 4. 19.

Beſides, it's to be conſidered, that the great Riches of the Saints are not like thoſe of the Kings of the Earth, drawn from the Tributes impoſed upon their Vaſſals, which, tho' Juſt, yet are not free from this ill condition; that what Enricheth the Prince, Impoveriſheth the Subject; the Riches in Heaven have no ſuch Blemiſh, they are burthenſome to none; and what is given unto the Servants of Chriſt, who Reigns in Heaven, is not taken from any.

If all the Earth were of Gold, and all the Rivers of *Balſome*, and all the Rocks precious Stones, wouldſt thou not ſay, that this is a great Treaſure? Know, that a Treaſure, which exceeds Gold as far as Gold doth Dirt; *Balſome*, Water; or precious Stones, Pebbles; remains as a reward for the Juſt.

Wherefore we ought to lift up our Souls, and alienate our affections from the frail Felicity of theſe temporal Goods of the Earth, and ſay with *David*, *Glorious things are ſaid of thee, thou City of God; whatſoever pains and poverty we ſuffer here, we ſhall receive in Glory ſo much the greater Riches.*

How poor and narrow a Heart muſt that

Chriſtan have, who confines his Love to things preſent, ſweating and toiling for a ſmall part of the Goods of this World, which it ſelf is ſo little! Why doth he content himſelf with ſome patch of the Earth, when he may be Lord of the whole Heavens? Let us not therefore who are to Die to morrow, afflict our ſelves for that which may periſh ſooner than we; let us not toil to enjoy that which we are ſhortly to leave, but let us lay up our Treaſures in Heaven, that Kingdom of the bleſſed, where the Riches, Joys, and Comforts are Eternal, and can never be taken from us: I will therefore ſtudy to uſe this World with indifferency; and ſhall not be puffed up, when things ſucceed happily, nor dejected, when they fall out croſly, but ſhall bleſs God in all Conditions; whether I abound or want, whether Rich or Poor, I will bleſs the Lord at all times; his Praiſes ſhall be ever in my Mouth; I ſhall never complain of the neceſſities of this Life; ſince tho' all things fail me, the means of my Salvation will not fail me; for even that want may be a means to obtain it.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Of the greatneſs of Eternal Pleaſures.

HOnour, Profit, and Pleaſures, are diſtinct Goods upon Earth, and are rarely found together; Honour is ſeldom a Companion of Profit, or Profit of Pleaſure, and ſo the Sick Man Drinks his Purge, becauſe it's profitable, how bitter ſoever; the Pleaſures of the World are for the moſt part mixed with ſome Shame, and oftentimes with Infamy; they are coſtly and expenſive; we cannot entertain our Pleaſures without diminiſhing our Wealth; it's not ſo in Eternal Goods, in which to be honeſt is to be profitable; and to be profitable, delectable: Eternal Honours are accompanied with immenſe Riches, and they are both attended by Pleaſures without end. All this is ſignified by the Lord when he received the faithful Servant into Glory; when he ſaid, *well done good Servant and true; becauſe thou haſt been faithful in few things, I will place thee over many; enter into the joy of thy Lord.* Firſt he honours him, commending him for a good and faithful Servant; then Enriches him, delivering many things into his Hands; and ſo admits

mits him into the Joy and Pleaſure of his Lord; thereby ſignifying the greatneſs of this Joy; not ſaying that this Joy ſhould enter into him, but that he ſhould enter into Joy, and into no other but that of his Lord. So great is the Joy of that Celeſtial Paradiſe, that it wholly fills and embraces the bleſſed Souls which enter into Heaven as into an immenſe Sea of Pleaſure and Delight. The Joys of the Earth enter into the Hearts of thoſe who poſſeſs them, but fill them not; becauſe the capacity of Mans Heart is greater than they can ſatisfie; but the Joys of Heaven in the Bleſſed, enter into themſelves, and fill and overflow them in all parts.

The Multitude of Joys in Heaven is joyned with their greatneſs; and ſo great they are, that the very leaſt of them is ſufficient to make us forget the greateſt contents of the Earth; and ſo many they are, as that tho' a thouſand times ſhorter, yet they would exceed all temporal Pleaſures, tho' a thouſand times longer; but joyning the abundance of thoſe Eternal Joys with their immenſe greatneſs, that Eternal Bliſs becomes ineffable. So great are the Joys of Heaven, that all the Arithmeticians of the Earth cannot number them; the Geometricians cannot meaſure them; nor the moſt

1 *Cor.* 2. *Iſa.* 64.

Learned

Learned in the World explicate them. The Juſt ſhall rejoyce in what is above them, which is the Viſion of God; in what is below them, which is the Beauty of Heaven, and the Bleſſed Souls; in what is within them, which is the Glorification of their Bodies; in what is with them, which is the company of Angels, and Men made perfect: God ſhall Feaſt all their Senſes with unſpeakable delight; for he ſhall be their Object, and ſhall be a Mirror to the Sight, Muſick to the Ear, Sweetneſs to the Taſt, Balſome to the Smell, Flowers to the Touch; there ſhall be the clear Light of Summer, the Pleaſantneſs of the Spring, the abundance of Autumn, and the repoſe of Winter.

The principal Joy of the Bleſſed is in the poſſeſſion of God, whom they behold clearly, as he is in himſelf; for as Honourable, Profitable, and Delectable, are not divided in Heaven; ſo the Bleſſed Souls have three Gifts, eſſential and inſeparable from that happy ſtate which correſpond to thoſe three kinds of Bleſſings, which the Learned call Viſion, Comprehenſion, and Fruition; the firſt conſiſts in the clear and diſtinct ſight of God which is given to the Juſt, by which he receives an incomparable Honour, ſince his Works and Vertues are

rewarded in the Preſence of the Angels, with no leſs a Crown and recompence than is God himſelf. The ſecond is the poſſeſſion which the Soul hath of God, as of his Riches and Inheritance. The third is the ineffable Joy which accompanies this Sight and poſſeſſion; which is ſo great, that neither the Bleſſed themſelves, who have experience of it; nor the Angels in Heaven are able to declare it. This Joy hath two ſingular Qualities, by which we may in ſome ſort conceive the immenſity of it: The firſt, that it's ſo powerful that it excludes all Evil, Pains and Grief: This only is ſo great a good, that many of the Philoſophers held it for the chief Felicity of Man; but herein was their Error, that they judged that to be the Good it ſelf, which was but an effect or conſequence of it: For ſo powerful is that Love and Joy which ſprings from the clear Viſion of God, that it's ſufficient to convert Hell into Glory; in ſo much, as if to the moſt Tormented Soul in Hell, were added all the Torments of the reſt of the Damned, both Men and Devils, and that God ſhould vouchſafe him but one glimpſe of his Knowledg, that only clear Viſion, tho' in the loweſt degree, were ſufficient to free him from all thoſe Evils, both of Sin and Pain; there

there is no Joy in this World ſo intenſe, which can ſuſpend the Grief we ſuffer from a Finger that is ſawing off. Griefs do more eaſily bereave us of the Senſe of Pleaſure, than Pleaſures do of Pains; yet ſuch is the greatneſs of that Sovereign Joy in Heaven, that it alone is ſufficient to drown all the Grief and Torments both in Earth and Hell; and there is no Pain in the World able to diminiſh the leaſt part of it.

All thoſe Joys of the Bleſſed, both in Soul and Body, which are innumerable, have their ſourſe and Original from that unſpeakable Joy of the clear Viſion of God.

And how can the Joy be leſs which proceeds from ſuch a cauſe, who gives himſelf to be poſſeſſed by Men? that Joy being the very ſame which God injoys, and which ſuffices to make God himſelf Bleſſed with a Bleſſedneſs equal to himſelf. Therefore not without great Myſtery, it's ſaid, *enter into the Joy of thy Lord:* It's not ſaid ſimply into Joy; but to determin the greatneſs of it, it was his own Joy, that Joy by which he himſelf becomes Happy.

We are to conſider, that there is nothing in this World, which hath not for its end ſome manner of Perfection: And that thoſe things which are capable of Reaſon and Knowledg, have in that Perfection a

particular Joy and complacency; which Joy is greater or leſſer, according as that end is more or leſs perfect. Since therefore the Divine Perfection is infinitely greater than that of all the Creatures, the Joy of God, which is in himſelf (for he hath no end or perfection diſtinct from himſelf) is infinitely greater than that of all things beſides; this Joy, out of his infinite goodneſs he hath been pleaſed to make the holy Angels and bleſſed Souls partakers of, communicating unto the Juſt his own Felicity. Therefore the Joy of Saints, which is that of the Beatifical Viſion, wherein conſiſts the Joy and Happineſs of God, muſt needs be infinite and uneffable; and all the Happineſs and contents of this World, in reſpect of it, are bitter as *Aloes* or *Wormwood:* By how much a delectable Object is more nearly and ſtraightly united to the Faculty; by ſo much greater is the Joy and Delight which it produces: Therefore God, who is the moſt excellent and delightful Object being in the beatifical Viſion united to the Soul with the moſt intimate Union that can be in a pure Creature, muſt neceſſarily cauſe a moſt inexplicable Joy, incomparably greater than all the Joys real or imaginable, which can be produced by the Crea-

Creatures now exiſtent, or poſſible: For as the Divine Perfection incloſeth within it ſelf all the Perfections of things Created poſſible and imaginable, ſo the Joy which it cauſeth in the Souls of the Bleſſed, muſt be infinitely greater than all other Joys; which either have or can be cauſed by the Creature. If there were in the World a Man as wiſe as an Angel, we would all deſire to ſee him, as the Queen of *Sheba* did *Solomon*: But if to this Wiſdom were joyned the Strength of *Sampſon*, the Victories of *Machabeus*, the Affability of *David*, the Friendlinſs of *Jonathan*, the Liberality of the Emperor *Titus*, and to all this the Beauty and Comlineſs of *Abſolom*; who would not Love, and deſire to Live and converſe with this admirable Perſon? Why then do we not Love the ſight of God, in whom all thoſe Perfections and Graces are infinitely united, and which we our ſelves, if we ſerve him, are to enjoy, as if they were our own?

O how great and delightful a Theater ſhall it be to ſee God, as he is with all his infinite Perfections, and the Perfections of all Creatures, which are emintly contained in the Deity! How admirable were that Spectacle, where were repreſented all that are or have been pleaſant or admirable in the

the World! If one were placed, where he might behold the ſeven Wonders of the World, the Sumptuous Banquets made by *Ahaſuerus*, the rare Shows exhibited by the *Romans*, the Wealth of *Cræſus*, the *Aſſyrian* and *Roman* Monarchs, and all theſe joyntly together, who would not be tranſported with joy and wonder at ſo admirable a ſight? But more happy were he upon whom all theſe were beſtowed, together with a Thouſand years of Life, wherein to enjoy them: Yet all theſe were nothing in reſpect of the Beatifical Viſion of God, in whom thoſe and all the perfections, that either are or have been, or poſſibly can be, are contained; whatever elſe is great and delightful in the World, together with all the Pleaſure and perfections that all the men of the World have obtained, or ſhall obtain to the Worlds end; all the Wiſdom of *Solomon*, all the Sciences of *Plato* and *Ariſtotle*, or all the ſtrength of *Ariſtomenes* and *Milo*, all the Beauty of *Paris* and *Adonis*; if they ſhould give all theſe to one perſon, it would have no compariſon, and would ſeem a loathſome thing being compared only to the delight, which will be enjoyed in ſeeing God for all Eternity, becauſe in him will be ſeen a Theatre of bliſs and greatneſs, wherein are compri-

ſed

ſed as in one, the greatneſs of all Creatures: In him will be found all the Riches of Gold, the delightfulneſs of the Meadows, the brightneſs of the Sun, the Pleaſantneſs of Muſick, the Beauty of the Heavens, the comfortable Smell of Amber, the contentedneſs of all the Senſes, and all that can be either admired or enjoyed.

To this may be added, that this ineſtimable joy of the Viſion of God, is to be multiplied into innumerable other joys, into as many as there are bleſſed Spirits and Souls, which ſhall enjoy the ſight of God; in regard every one is to have a particular contentment of the bliſs of every one; and becauſe the bleſſed Spirits and Souls are innumerable, the joys likewiſe of every one will be innumerable: For as every Saint ſhall love another equally as himſelf, ſo he ſhall receive equal joy from his happineſs to that of his own: And if he ſhall rejoyce in the happineſs of thoſe equal unto himſelf, how much ſhall he rejoyce in the happineſs of God, whom he loves better than himſelf?

Let us therefore rejoyce, who are Chriſtians, unto whom ſo great Bleſſings are promiſed; let us rejoyce that Heaven was made for us, and let this hope baniſh all ſadneſs from our Hearts; let thoſe grieve and be melancholy who have no hope of Heaven,

Heaven, and not we, unto whom Chriſt hath promiſed the bleſſedneſs of his Glory: Let this hope comfort us, this joy refreſh us; and let us now begin to enjoy that here, which we are ever hereafter to poſſeſs; for hope is an anticipation of joy; upon this we ought to place all our thoughts, turning our Eyes from all the Goods and Delights of the Earth: From hence I will ſhut up the Windows of my Senſes; the things of the Earth ſeeming unto me unworthy to be looked upon after the Contemplation of the Heavenly, in the hope whereof I will only rejoyce: *O Father of Light, grant me the Light of thy Glory, that one day I may clearly ſee that which I now believe by the Light of Faith. O Eternal Word, beſtow thy ſelf upon me, that I may poſſeſs in Heaven, that which I ſee by hope upon Earth. O Holy Ghoſt, make me partaker of thine infinite beauty; to the end I may one day enjoy that which I now embrace by Charity. Lord, I am wholly thine, be thou wholly mine; thou art my Eternity, thou art my Salvation and Hope; grant Lord that I may praiſe thee Everlaſtingly: I deſire nothing in Heaven or Earth, but thy ſelf, for thou art the God of my Heart, and the only part which I pretend unto in the Eternity of Eternities.*

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

The Excellency and Happineſs of the Souls and Bodies of the Juſt in the Life Eternal.

WHen the *Hebrews* would expreſs a bleſſed Perſon, they did not call him bleſſed in the ſingular but Bleſſings in the abſtract and Plural; and ſo in the firſt *Pſalm* in place of *Beatus*, the *Hebrews* ſay *Beatitudes*; and certainly with much reaſon, ſince the bleſſed enjoy as many Bleſſings, as they have Powers or Senſes; Bleſſings in their Underſtanding, Will, and Memory; Bleſſings in their Sights, Hearing, Smell, Taſt, and Touch; the Underſtanding ſhall live there with a clear and ſupream Wiſdom; the Will with an inflamed Love; the Memory with an Eternal repreſentation of the Good which is paſt; the Senſes with a continual delectation in their Objects; finally, all that is man ſhall live in a perpetual Joy, Comfort, and Bleſſedneſs.

And to begin with the Life and Joy of the Underſtanding; the Bleſſed, beſides that ſupreme and clear Knowledge of the Creator, ſhall know the Divine Myſteries, the

the Secrets of Providence, the frame and making of the World, the whole Artifice of Nature, the motions of the Stars, the properties of the Planets, and of all created Entities, all which they ſhall not only know joyntly and in maſs, but clearly and diſtinctly without confuſion; this ſhall be the Life of the Underſtanding, which ſhall feaſt it ſelf with ſo high and certain Truths: The knowledg of the greateſt wiſe Men and Philoſophers of the World even in things Natural, is full of Ignorance and Deceit, becauſe they know not the ſubſtance of things, but through the ſhell of Accidents; ſo as the moſt ſimple Peaſant arriving at the height of Glory, ſhall be repleniſhed with a knowledg, in reſpect of which, the Wiſdom of *Solomon* and *Ariſtotle* were but Ignorance and Barbariſm.

What content were it to behold all the wiſe Men of the World, and the principal Inventers and Maſters of Sciences and Faculties met together in one Room, *Adam*, *Abraham*, *Moſes*, *Solomon*, *Zoroaſtres*, *Plato*, *Socrates*, *Ariſtotle*, *Pythagoras*, *Homer*, *Triſmegiſtus*, *Solon*, *Lycurgus*, *Hypocrates*, *Euclides*, *Archimedes*, and all the Doctors of the Church? How venerable were this *Junćto*? How admirable this Aſſembly?

Aſſembly? And what Journeys would Men make to behold them? If then to ſee ſuch imperfect ſcraps of knowledg divided amongſt ſo many Men, would cauſe ſo great Admiration, what ſhall be the joy of the bleſſed, when each particular perſon ſhall ſee his own Underſtanding furniſhed with that true and perfect Wiſdom whereof all theirs is but a ſhadow? Who can expreſs the joy they ſhall receive by the knowledg of ſo many Truths? What contentment would it be to one, if at once they ſhould ſhew unto him, whatever there is, and what is done in the whole Earth? The fair Buildings, the Fruit-Trees of ſo great diverſity, all living Creatures of ſo great variety, all the Birds, the Fiſhes, the Metals ſo rich, all People and Nations fartheſt remote? Certainly it would be a ſight of wonderful ſatisfaction. But what will it be to ſee all this, whatſoever there is in the Earth, together with all that there is in Heaven, and above Heaven? Some Philoſophers in the diſcovery of a natural Truth, or the invention of ſome rare curioſity, have been tranſported with a greater joy and content, than their Senſes were capable of; for this *Ariſtotle* ſpent ſo many ſleepleſs Nights; for this *Pythagoras* travelled into ſo many ſtrange

ſtrange Nations; for this *Crates* deprived himſelf of all his Wealth; and *Archimedes* never removed his Thoughts Night nor Day from the Inquiſition of ſome Mathematical Demonſtration: He ſpent many days in finding out by his Mathematical Riches, how much Gold would ſerve to guild a Crown of Silver; and having found it, he fetched divers skips and cried out, I have found it, I have found it; if then the finding out of ſo mean a Truth, could ſo tranſport this great Artiſt; what joy ſhall the Saints receive, when God ſhall diſcover unto them thoſe high Secrets, and above all, that ſublime Myſtery of the Trinity of Perſons in the Unity of Eſſence? The Bleſſed ſhall receive more Knowledg in one inſtant, than the Wiſe of the World have obtained with all their Watchings, Travels, and Experiences. *Ariſtotle* for the great love he bore to Knowledg, held, That the chief Felicity of Man conſiſted in Contemplation; if he found ſo great Joy in Natural Speculation, what ſhall we find in Divine, and the clear Viſion of God? As the Underſtanding ſhall be applied to the Prime Truth, which is God himſelf; ſo ſhall the beatified Will be inſeparably joyned to the Eſſence of the Divine Goodneſs;

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there ſhall the Memory alſo Live, repreſenting unto us the Divine Benefits, and rendring Eternal Thanks unto the Author of all; the Soul rejoycing in its own Happineſs, to have received ſo great Mercies for ſo ſmall Merits; and remembring the dangers from which it hath been freed by Divine Favour, it ſhall ſing that Verſe in the Pſalm, *The ſnare is broken, and we are delivered:* The remembrance of the Acts of Virtue and Good Works, ſhall be a particular joy unto the Bleſſed, both in reſpect they were a means of our Happineſs, as alſo of pleaſing ſo Gracious and Good a Lord.

In Heaven we ſhall not only Joy in the memory of thoſe Tings, wherein we have pleaſed God in complying with his holy Will, and in ordering and diſpoſing our Life in his Service, but in the troubles alſo, and dangers we have paſt: The Memory of Death is bitter to thoſe who are to die; but unto the Juſt, who have already paſt it, and are ſecure in Heaven, nothing can be more pleaſant, who now to their unſpeakable Joy, know themſelver to be free from Death, Infirmity, and Danger.

UMI - 1994

There alſo ſhall live the Will rejoycing to ſee all its deſires accompliſhed, with the abundance and ſweet Society of ſo many Felicities; being neceſſitated to Love ſo admirable a Beauty, as the Soul enjoys and poſſeſſes in God Almighty: Love makes all Things ſweet; and as it is a Torment to be ſeparated from what one Loves, ſo it's a great Joy and Felicity to remain with the Beloved; and therefore the Bleſſed, loving God more than themſelves, how unſpeakable a Comfort muſt it be to enjoy God, and the Society of thoſe whom they ſo much affect? The Love of the Mother makes her delight more in the ſight of her own Son, tho' foul and of worſe Conditions, than that of his Neighbours: The Love then of the Saints one towards another, being greater than that of Mothers to their Children; and every one of them being ſo perfect and worthy to be beloved, and every one enjoying the ſight of the ſame God, how comfortable muſt be their Converſation? *Seneca* ſaid, that the poſſeſſion of what good ſoever was not pleaſing without a Partner: The poſſeſſion then of the chief Good, muſt be much more delightful with the Society of ſuch excellent Companions. If a Man were to remain alone

alone for many Years in ſome Beautiful Palace, it would not pleaſe him ſo well as a Deſart with Company; but the City of God is full of moſt Noble Citizens, who are all ſharers of the ſame Bleſſedneſs. This Converſation alſo being with wiſe and holy Perſonages, ſhall much increaſe their Joy; for if one of the greateſt Troubles of Human Life, be to ſuffer the ill Conditions, Follies, and Impertinences of Rude and Ill-bred People; and the greateſt content to converſe with Sweet, Pious, and Learned Friends; what ſhall that Divine Converſation be in Heaven, where there is none Ill Conditioned, none Impious, none Froward, but at Peace, Piety, Love, and Sweetneſs? Every one ſhall then rejoyce, as much in the Felicity of another, as in his own ineffable Joy; and ſhall poſſeſs as many Joys, as he ſhall find Companions; there are all Things which are neceſſary or delightful, all Riches, Eaſe and Comfort; where God is, nothing is wanting; all there know God without Error, behold him without end, Praiſe him without Wearineſs, Love him without Tediouſneſs, and in this Love repoſe themſelves in God; beſides all this, the ſecurity, which the Will ſhall have in the Eternal Poſſeſſion of this Felicity, is an

unſpeakable Joy. The Fear that the good things, which we enjoy, are to end, or at leaſt may end, mingle Worm-wood with our Joys; and Pleaſures do not reliſh, where there is danger; but this Celeſtial Happineſs, being Eternal, neither ſhall nor can end, diminiſh or be endangered, but with this ſecurity adds a new Joy unto thoſe others of the Saints.

Beſides the Powers of the Soul, the Senſes alſo ſhall live, nouriſhed with the Food of moſt proportionable and delightful Objects; the Eyes ſhall ever be recreated with the Light of the moſt Glorious and Beautiful Bodies of the Saints; one Sun ſuffices to chear up the whole World; what joy then ſhall one of the Bleſſed conceive in beholding as many Suns, as there are Saints; and in ſeeing himſelf one of them?

But above all, with what content and Admiration ſhall we behold the Glorious Body of Chriſt our Redeemer, in compariſon of whoſe Splendor, that of all the Saints ſhall be as a darkneſs, from whoſe Wounds ſhall iſſue forth Rays of a particular Brightneſs? Beſides all this, the Glory and Greatneſs of the Empyræal Heaven, and the Luſtre of that Celeſtial City, ſhall infinitely delight the bleſſed Citizens; the Ears ſhall be filled with moſt

moſt Harmonious Muſick, as may be gathered from many Places of the Scripture; If the Harp of *David* delighted *Saul* ſo much, as it aſſwaged the Fury of his Paſſions, caſt forth Devils, and freed him of that Melancholy, whereof the wicked Spirit made uſe; and that the Lyre of *Orpheus* wrought ſuch Wonders both with Men and Beaſts, what ſhall the Harmony of Heaven do? What delight then will it be, not only to hear the voice of one Inſtrument, played upon by an Angel, but all the Voices of Thouſands of Angels, together with the admirable Melody of Muſical Inſtruments? What ſweetneſs will it be to hear ſo many Heavenly Muſicians, thoſe Millions of Angels, which will be ſounding forth their Hallelujahs unto the great God of Heaven and Earth? O how I deſire to be freed from this Body, that I might hear and enjoy it: Happy were I, and for ever Happy, if after Death I might hear the Melody of thoſe Hymns and Hallelujahs which the Citizens of that Celeſtial Habitation, and the Squadrons of thoſe bleſſed Spirits ſing in Praiſe of the Eternal King; This is that ſweet Muſick which Saint *John* heard in the *Apocalypſe*, when the Inhabitants of Heaven ſing, *Let all the World bleſs thee, O Lord*;

to thee be given all Honour and Dominion for a World of Worlds. Amen.

The Smell ſhall be feaſted with the Odour, which iſſues from thoſe Beautiful Bodies, more Sweet than Muſick or Amber; and from the whole Heaven, more fragrant than Jeſſamines or Roſes.

The Taſte alſo in that bleſſed Country, ſhall not want the delight of its proper Object: For altho the Saints ſhall not there feed, which were to neceſſitate that happy State unto ſomething beſides it ſelf; yet they ſhall have the delight of Meat, without the Trouble of Eating, by reaſon of the great delicacy of this Celeſtial Taſte. The Glory of the Saints is often ſignified in Holy Scripture, under the Name of a Supper, Banquet, Manna; it cannot be expreſſed, how great ſhall be the delight and ſweetneſs of Taſte, which Eternally ſhall be found in Heaven. If *Eſau* ſold his Birth-right for a Diſh of Lentile Pottage; well may we mortifie our Taſte here upon Earth, that we may enjoy that perfect and incomparable one in Heaven.

The Touch alſo ſhall there receive a moſt delightful Entertainment; all they tread upon ſhall ſeem unto the Juſt to be Flowers; and the whole diſpoſitions of their

their Bodies ſhall be ordered with a moſt exquiſite Temperature: For as the Torments of the Damned in Hell, are moſt expreſſed in that Senſe; ſo the Bodies of the bleſſed in Heaven ſhall in that Senſe receive a ſpecial Joy and Refreſhment: And as the heat of that infernal Fire, without light, is to penetrate even to the Entrails of thoſe miſerable Perſons; ſo the Brightneſs of the Celeſtial Light is to penetrate the Bodies of the Bleſſed, and fill them with an incomparable Delight and Sweetneſs; all and every part of the Body in general and particular, ſhall be ſenſible of a moſt admirable Pleaſure and Content.

The Humanity of Chriſt our Redeemer, is to be the chief and principal Joy of all the Senſes; and therefore as the Intellectual Knowledg of the Divinity of Chriſt is the Joy and Eſſential Reward of the Soul; ſo the ſenſitive Knowledg of the Humanity of Chriſt is the chief and Eſſential Joy of the Senſes, and the utmoſt end and Felicity whereunto they can aſpire; this it ſeems was meant by our Saviour in Saint *John*, where ſpeaking unto the Father, he ſaid, *This is Life Eternal, that is, Eſſential Bleſſedneſs, that they know thee the only true God* (in which

is included the Eſſential Glory of the Soul) *and him whom thou haſt ſent, Jeſus Chriſt,* in which is included the Eſſential Bleſſedneſs of the Senſes.

It's alſo much to be obſerved, that the bleſſed Souls ſhall be Crowned with ſome particular Joys, which the very Angels are not capable of; for they only ſhall receive the Crown of Martyrdom, ſince no Angel can have the Glory to have ſhed his Blood and died for Chriſt; neither to have overcome the Fleſh, and by Combats and Wreſtlings ſubjected it unto Reaſon; Men ſhall have the Glory of their Bodies, and Joy of their Senſes, which the Angels cannot; for as they want the one Joy of the Spirit, which is the Fleſh; ſo they muſt want the Glory of the Victory: Neither ſhall they have this great Joy of Mankind, in being redeemed by Chriſt from Sin and from as many Damnations into Hell, as they have committed Sins; and to ſee themſelves now freed and ſecure from that horrid Evil, and ſo many Enemies of the Soul, which they had, which muſt needs produce a moſt unſpeakable Joy.

The Souls of the bleſſed ſhall not only be Glorious, but their very Bodies ſhall be filled with Glory, and inveſted with a Light ſeven times Brighter than that of the Sun;

Sun; for altho' it be ſaid in the Goſpel, *That the juſt ſhall Shine as the Sun*; yet *Iſaiah* the Prophet ſays, That the Sun in thoſe days ſhall Shine ſeven times more than it now doth. This Light being the moſt beautiful and excellent of Corporeal qualities, ſhall Cloath the Juſt as with a Garment of moſt exceeding Luſtre and Glory. What Emperor was ever clad in ſuch a Purple? What Human Majeſty ever caſt forth Beams of ſuch Splendor?

Herod upon the Day of his greateſt magnificence, could only cloath himſelf in a Robe of Silver, admirably wrought, which did not ſhine of it ſelf, but by reflexion of the Sun Beams, which then in his riſing caſt his Rayes upon it; and yet this little glittering was ſufficient to make the People to ſalute him as a God: What admiration ſhall it then cauſe to behold the Glorious Body of a Saint, not cloathed in Gold and Purple, not adorned with Diamonds or Rubies, but more reſplendent than the Sun it ſelf? Put all the brighteſt Diamonds together, all the faireſt Rubies, all the moſt beautiful Carbuncles, let an Imperial Robe be embroidered with them all; all this will be no more than as Coals in reſpect of a Glorious Body; which ſhall be all tranſparent bright and reſplendent,

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far more, than if it were ſet with Diamonds: The Garments which we wear here, how Rich ſoever, are rather an affront and diſgrace unto us, than an Ornament, ſince they argue an imperfection and a neceſſity of our Bodies, which we are forced to ſupply with ſomething of another Nature; beſides, our Cloaths were given as a Mark of *Adam*'s fall in Paradiſe, and we wear them as a Penance injoyned for his Sin: What Fool is ſo ſottiſh as to beſtow precious Trimming upon a Penitential Garment?

But ſuch are not the Ornaments of the Saints in Heaven; their Luſtre is their own, not borrowed from their Garments, but within themſelves; each part of them being more tranſparent than Chryſtal, and brighter than the Sun. It's recounted in the *Apocalypſe* as a great Wonder, *That a Woman was ſeen cloathed with the Sun, and Crowned with Twelve Stars:* This indeed was far more Glorious than any Ornament upon Earth; yet this is ſhort of the Ornament of the Saints, whoſe Luſtre is proper to themſelves, intrinſecally their own; not taken and borrowed from ſomething without them, as was that of the Woman's. The State and Majeſty with which this Gift of ſplendor ſhall adorn the Saints, ſhall be incomparably greater than that of the

the mightieſt Kings. It was a great Majeſty in a Prince, when he iſſues forth of his Palace by Night to be attended by a Thouſand Pages, each having a lighted Torch; but were thoſe Torches Stars, it were nothing to the State and Glory of a Saint in Heaven, who carries with him a Light equal to that of the Sun ſeven times doubled; and what greater Glory, than not to need the Sun which the whole World needs? Where the Juſt is, there ſhall be no Night; for whereſoever he goes, he carries the Day along with him. Saint *Paul*, beholding the Gift of Charity in the Humanity of Chriſt, remained for ſome Days without Senſe or Motion: Saint *John* only beholding it in the Face of our Saviour, fell down as if Dead, his mortal Eyes being not able to endure the Luſtre of ſo great a Majeſty. Saint *Peter*, becauſe he ſaw ſomething of it in the Transfiguration of Chriſt, was ſo Tranſported with the Glory of the place, that he had a deſire to have continued there for ever. What ſight more Glorious than to behold ſo many Saints, like ſo many Suns to ſhine with ſo incomparable Luſtre and Beauty?

What Light then will that of Heaven be, proceeding from ſo many Lights; or to ſpeake more properly, from ſo many Suns?

Suns? How great then ſhall the Clarity of that Holy City be, where many Suns do inhabit? And if by the ſight of every one in particular, their Joy ſhall be more augmented, by the ſight of a number, without number. What meaſure can that joy have, which reſults from ſo beautiful a ſpectacle?

The Bodies of the Saints, endowedwith this Light,which they receive from the gift of clarity, are impaſſible, and cannot ſuffer from any thing; they have an agility to move from place to place with ſpeed and ſubtilty like light; to have their way free and pervious through all places, and can penetrate whereſoever they pleaſe.

By this Gift of impaſſibility their Bodies are freed from all Miſeries, which our Bodies now ſuffer; the Cold of Winter, the Heat of Summer, Infirmities, Griefs, Tears, and the neceſſity of eating, which one neceſſity includes many others: Let us but conſider what cares and troubles Men undergo only to ſuſtain their Lives: The Labourer ſpends hisDays in Plowing, Sowing,and Reaping; the Shepherd ſuffers cold and heat in watching of his Flock: What dangers are paſt in all Eſtates, only to be ſure to Eat? From all which the Gift of impaſſibility exempts the Juſt. The care

care of Cloathing troubles us alſo little leſs than than that of feeding; and that of preſerving the Health much more: For as our neceſſities are doubly increaſed by ſickneſs, ſo are our cares; from all which he who is impaſſible is free; and not only from the grief and pain of this Life, but if he ſhould enter into Hell, it would not burn one Hair of him: The gift of agility is moſt great; which eaſily appears by the troubles and inconveniences of a long Journy, which (howſoever we are accommodated) is not performed without much wearineſs, and oftentimes with danger both of Health and Life: A King tho' he paſs in a Coach or Litter, after the moſt eaſie and commodious way of travelling, muſt paſs over Rocks, Hills, and Rivers, and ſpend much time; but with the gift of agility the glorious Bodies of the Saints, in the twinkling of an Eye, can traverſe all the Heavens, viſit the Earth, return unto the Sun and Firmament, and obſerve what is above the Stars in the Empyreal Heaven: To this noble gift of agility ſhall be annexed that of Subtilty, by which their glorious Bodies ſhall have their way free and pervious through all places; no impediment ſhall obſtruct their Motion; there ſhall be

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no encloſure or Priſon to them: They ſhall with greater eaſe paſs thorough the middle of a Rock, than an Arrow through the Air: Chriſt ſhewed the ſubtilty of his Glorious Body, while he iſſued out of his Tomb, not opening it; and entred into the Hall where the Apoſtles were, the Gates being ſhut.

Finally, the Servants of Chriſt ſhall be there ſo repleniſhed with all goods, both of Soul and Body, that there ſhall be nothing more for them to deſire. What wouldeſt thou then my Body? What is it thou deſireſt my Soul? In Heaven you ſhall find all you deſire: If you are pleaſed with Beauty, there the Juſt ſhine as the Sun; if you are pleaſed with any delight, there is not only one, but a Sea of Pleaſure, which God keeps in ſtore for the bleſſed, wherewith it ſhall quench their thirſt. I will then from henceforth raiſe my deſires unto that place, where only they can be accompliſhed: I will not be ambitious after things of the Earth, which cannot ſatisfie me, but I will look after thoſe in Heaven, which are only great, only Eternal, and can only fill the capacity of my Heart.

What an advantagions bargain would it be, if one could buy a Kingdom for

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a Straw? Yet ſo it is; for that which is no more than a Straw we may purchaſe the Kingdom of Heaven: Certainly all the Felicity, Riches, and Earthly Delights are no more than a Straw, compared with the glory of Heaven: How fooliſh would he be, who having a Basket full of Chips, would not give one of them for an hundred weight of Gold? This is the Vanity of Man, who for Earthly Goods will not receive thoſe of Heaven.

If Men undergo and ſuffer ſuch hazards for a Kingdom, which is momentary, and that not for themſelves, but for another; what ought we to do for thoſe Eternal Riches which are to be our own, and for the Kingdom of Heaven, wherein we expect ſuch immenſe Honours, Riches and Plea ſures? Let us take Courage, it's the Kingdom of Heaven we hope for, Joys, Riches, and Honours Eternal, are thoſe which are promiſed us. What pity is it that for ſome ſhort Pleaſure, we ſhould loſe Joys ſo great and Eternal? Becauſe we will not bear ſome ſlight injury here, ſhould be deprived of Celeſtial Honour there? For not reſtoring what we have unjuſtly taken, ſhould forfeit the Divine Riches of Heaven? That which the World offers in her beſt Pleaſures, is but Shells,

Offals,

Offals, and Parings; but that whereunto God invites, is a full Table; for which reaſon it's called in Scripture the great Supper, not a Dinner; becauſe after Dinner, we uſe to riſe and go about other Occaſions and Employments; but after Supper there are no more Labours, all is Reſt and Repoſe. The principal Diſh, which is ſerved in at this great Supper, is the clear Viſion of God, and all his Divine Perfections; after that a Thouſand Joys of the Soul in all its Powers and Faculties; then a Thouſand Pleaſures of the Senſes, with all the endowments of a Glorified Body: Thoſe latter are as it were the Deſert of this Divine Banquet; and if the Deſert be ſuch, what ſhall be the Subſtance of the Feaſt?

My Lord, my God, when ſhall I ſee the Day, the happy Day, in which I ſhall come and appear in thy Heavenly Manſion, to Eat and Drink with Thee in thy Kingdom, and to ſit at thy Table; there to behold the Majeſty of thy Glory, which is the only Object of my Eternal Bliſs! O thou reſplendent Star of the Eaſt; let thy Eternal Light ſhine in the Horizon of my Soul; then all theſe thick Vapours of terrene Affections will be diſperſed: Lord, I have placed all my

my hopes in Eternity; I find no more Reſt here in theſe ſhort moments, than the Dove *of the Deluge did upon the Waters. O God, thou art my Eternal Felicity; to Thee be Glory, Honour and Thanksgiving for ever, for evermore.* Amen.

CHAP. VI.

Conſideration of Eternal Evils, and of the miſerable ſtate of the Damned.

THE Evils of Hell are truly Evils, and ſo purely ſuch, that they have no mixture of Good; in that place of Unhappineſs all is Eternal ſorrow and complaint; there is no room for comfort, there ſhall not be the leaſt good which may give eaſe; nor ſhall there want a concourſe of all Evils, which may add Affliction; no Good is to be found there, where all Goods are wanting; neither can there be want of any Evil, where all Evils whatſoever are to be found; and by the want of all Good, and the Collection of all Evils, every Evil is Augmented. In the Creation of the World God gave a praiſe to every Nature, ſaying, *It was good*; but when all were Created and joyn-

ed together, he ſaid, *they were very good*: Becauſe the conjunction of many Goods, advances the good of each particular; and in the ſame manner the Conjunction of many Evils, makes them all worſe: What ſhall Heaven then be, where there is a concourſe of all Goods, and no Evils? And what Hell, where there are all Evils, and no Good? Certainly the one muſt be exceeding Good, and the other exceeding Evil. In Hell there is the pain of loſs, and that ſo rigorous, that in depriving the Damned Soul of one only thing, they take from him all Good things; for they deprive him of God, in whom they are all compriſed; he who is Condemned by Human Laws to the loſs of his Goods, may, if he Live, gain others, at leaſt in another Kingdom, if he flye thither; but he who is deprived of God, where ſhall he find another God? And who can flye from Hell? God is the greateſt Good, and it's therefore the greateſt Evil to be deprived of him, becauſe Evil is the privation of Good; and that is to be eſteemed the greateſt Evil, which is a privation of the greateſt Good, which is God; and muſt certainly therefore cauſe more Grief and reſentment in the Damned, than all the Puniſhments and

Torments

Torments of Hell beſides: And in regard there is in Hell an Eternal privation of God, who is the chief Good; the pains of loſs, whereby one is deprived for ever of the greateſt of all Goods, this privation will cauſe the greateſt pain and Torment. If the burning of a Hand cauſe an inſufferable pain; if a Bone diſplaced or out of Joynt, cauſeth intolerable Grief, how ſhall he be Tormented, and what pain ſhall he ſuffer, who is Eternally ſeparated from God, who is the chief End for which Man was Created? I dare confidently ſay, the loſs of Heaven, and the omiſſion of Glory is far more bitter, than all thoſe pains which are to be ſuffered in Hell: And this is ſuch a loſs, that the Sinner ſhall be deprived even of the hope of what is good, and ſhall be left for ever in that profound poverty and neceſſity, without expectation of remedy or relief; and what greater want can any one have, than to want all things, and even hope of obtaining any thing? We are amazed at the poverty of holy *Job*, who, from a Prince and a Rich Man, came to lye upon a Dunghil, having nothing left but a piece of a broken Pot to ſcrape away the putrefaction from his Sores; but even this ſhall fail the Damned, who would take it

for a great *Regale*, to have a Dunghil for their Bed, instead of the burning Coals of that Eternal Fire. The Rich Glutton in the Gospel, accustomed to Drink in Cups of Crystal, to Eat in Silver, and to be Cloathed in Silks, and curious Linnen, can tell us how far this Infernal poverty extends, when he demanded not Wines of *Cadiz*, but a little cold Water, and that not in Cups of Gold, or Crystal, but upon the Fingers end of a Leper; this Rich Glutton came to such an Extremity, that he would esteem it a great Felicity that they would give him one drop of Water, altho it was from the Filthy and loathsome Finger of a Leper; and yet this was also wanting to him. Let the Rich of the World see to what poverty they are like to come; if they trust in their Riches, let them know they shall be Condemned to the loss of all which is good; let them reflect upon him who was accustomed to be Cloathed in precious Garments, to tread upon Carpets, to sleep upon Down, to dwell in spacious Palaces, now Naked, thrown upon burning Coals, and packt up in some narrow corner of that infernal Dungeon.

And

And this poverty or want of all good of the Damned, is accompanied with a moſt opprobrious infamy and diſhonour, when by publick Sentence they ſhall be deprived, for their enormous Offences, of Eternal Glory, and reprehended in the preſence of Saints and Angels, by the Lord of Heaven and Earth. A moſt intolerable thing is Hell, and moſt horrible are the Torments; yet if one ſhould place a thouſand Hells before me, nothing could be ſo horrible unto me, as to be excluded from the Honour of Glory, to be hated of Chriſt, and to hear from him theſe Words, *I know you not.*

This Infamy we may in ſome ſort declare under the Example of a mighty King; who having no Heir to ſucceed him in his Kingdom, took up a Beautiful Boy at the Church Door, and nouriſhed him as his Son, and in his Teſtament commanded, that if at ripe years his Conditions were vertuous and ſuitable to his Calling, he ſhould be received as lawful King, and ſeated in his Royal Throne; but if he proved vicious and unfit for Government, they ſhould puniſh him with infamy, and ſend him to the Gallies; the Kingdom obeyed this Command, provided him excellent Tutors, but he became ſo unto-

ward and ill inclined, that he would learn nothing, flung away his Books, ſpent his Time amongſt other Boys, in making Houſes of Dirt, and other Fooleries; for which his Governours chaſtiſed him, and adviſed him of what was fitting, and moſt imported him; but all did no good, only when they reprehended him he would weep; not becauſe he repented, but becauſe they hindred his ſport; and the next day did the ſame. The more he grew in Age, the worſe he became; and although they informed him of the King's Teſtament and what behoved him, all was to no purpoſe; until at laſt, all being weary of his ill Conditions, declared him unworthy to Reign, deſpoiled him of his Royal Ornaments, and condemned him with Infamy unto the Gallies: What greater ignominy can there be than this, to loſe a Kingdom, and to be made a Gally-Slave?

More Ignominious, and a more Lamentable Tragedy, is that of a Chriſtian condemned to Hell; who was taken by God from the Gates of Death, adopted his Son with condition, that if he kept his Commandment, he ſhould Reign in Heaven, and if not, he ſhould be condemned to Hell: Yet he forgetting thoſe Obligations without reſpect of his Tutors or Maſters, who

who exhorted him both by their Doctrin and Example, what was fitting for a Child of God: But he neither moved by their Advice, nor the Chaſtiſements of Heaven, by which God overthrew his vain intentions, and thwarted his unlawful Pleaſures, only lamented his temporal loſſes, and not his offences; and at the time of his Death was ſentenced to be deprived of the Kingdom of Heaven, and precipitated into Hell; What infamy can be greater than this of the Damned Soul?

If it be a great Infamy to ſuffer Death by Human Juſtice, for ſome Crimes committed, how great an Infamy will it be to be condemned by Divine Juſtice, for a Traytor, and perfidious Rebel to God? Beſides this bitterneſs of Pains, the damned Perſons ſhall be Eternally branded with the infamy of their Offences; ſo that they ſhall be ſcorned and ſcoffed at by the Devils themſelves; Men and Angels ſhall deteſt them, as Infamous and Wicked Traytors to their King, God, and Redeemer; And as Fugitive Slaves are Marked and Cauterized with Burning Irons; ſo this Infamy, by ſome Mark of Uglineſs and Deformity, ſhall be ſtamped upon their Faces and Bodies, *Iſa. c.* 13. ſo Ignominious ſhall be the Body of a Sin-

ner, that when his Soul returns to enter it, it ſhall be amazed to behold it ſo terrible; and ſhall wiſh it were rather in the ſame State, as when it was half eaten up with Worms.

And that which adds Miſery to their Calamity, they ſhall be baniſhed from Heaven, and made Priſoners in the profound Bowels of the Earth; a place moſt remote from Heaven, and the moſt calamitous of all others, where they ſhall neither ſee the Sun by Day, nor the Stars by Night; where all ſhall be Horror and Darkneſs, a Land covered with the obſcurity of Death, a Land of Sulphur and Burning Pitch, a Land of Peſtilence and Corruption: Into this Land of Puniſhment and Torments ſhall be baniſhed the Enemies of God.

What a Grief will it be to ſee themſelves deprived of the Palaces of Heaven, the Society of Saints, and that happy Country of the living; where all is Peace, Charity and Joy; where all ſhines, all pleaſes, and all parts reſound with Hallelujahs? If the Damned had no other Puniſhment, than to ſee themſelves baniſh'd amongſt Devils, into a place not far diſtant from Heaven, ſad as Night, without the ſight or comfort of Sun or Moon for all Eternity,

Eternity, it were a Torment inſufferable.

It was a great Tyranny in *Alexander*, after he had cut off the Noſe, Ears, and Lips of *Caliſtenes*, to caſt ſo worthy a perſon into a Dungeon, only accompanied with a Dog; a Spectacle indeed lamentable, to ſee ſo diſcreet a Man uſed like a Brute, and not have the company of one who might comfort him; but the Damned would take it for a favour to have the company of Dogs or Lions, rather than that of their own Parents. *Senec.* *Suidas.*

The Tyrants of *Japonia* invented a ſtrange Torment for thoſe, who confeſſed Chriſt; they hung them with their Heads downwards, half their Bodies into a hole digged in the Earth, which they filled with Snakes, Lizards, and other poiſonous Vermin; but even thoſe were better Companions, than thoſe infernal Dragons of the Pit of Hell; whereunto not half, but the whole Body of the miſerable Sinner ſhall be Plunged. The *Romans*, when they puniſh'd any as a Parricide, to expreſs the hainonſneſs of the Fact, ſhut him up in a Sack with a Serpent, an Ape, and a Cock; What a Horror ſhall it be in Hell, when a Damned Perſon ſhall be ſhut up with ſo many Millions of Devils? Here none will live near a Peſt-houſe, or ill Neighbour; think

think upon what Neighbours there are in Hell. *Cato* Counſelled thoſe who were to take a Farm, to have a ſpecial care what Neighbours it had. *Themiſtocles* being to ſell a certain Mannor, cauſed the Cryer to proclaim, that he had good Neighbours. How comes one then to purchaſe Hell at ſo dear a rate, as the price of his Soul, having ſuch Curſed Neighbours, where all will abhor him? Their diſquietneſs and ranting will be inſufferable; and the very ſight and uglineſs of them will affright and aſtoniſh him.

How grievous is the Baniſhment into that Place, where none wiſhes well unto another? Where the Fathers hate their Sons, and the Sons abhor their Fathers? Where the Son ſhall ſay unto the Father, *Curſed be thou (Father) for all Eternity; becauſe by an unjuſt Inheritance, thou haſt been the cauſe of my Damnation:* And the Father ſhall anſwer him: *Curſed be thou Son; for to the end I might leave thee a Rich Inheritance, I ſtuck not to gain it by unjuſt means.*

In other Baniſhments, when Parents or Friends meet in a Country far from home, they endeavour to Comfort one another; and even Enemies are then reconciled: But in this Baniſhment of Hell, Friends

Friends abhor Friends, and Parents hate, and are hated by their Children.

To this may be added, That in this Baniſhment of the Damned, the Exiles are not allowed the Liberty of other Baniſhed Perſons, who, within the Iſle or Region of Relegation, may go or move whither they pleaſe; but not ſo, the Damned in Hell; becauſe the place of their Exile is alſo a Priſon, a horrid and ſtinking Priſon, wherein many Millions of Souls ſhall for ever lye fetter'd in Chains; for Chains, or ſomething anſwerable unto them, ſhall not there be wanting: Whereupon its obſerved by the Learned, That the Wicked Spirits ſhall be faſtned to Fire, or certain Fiery Bodies, from which the pains which they ſhall receive, ſhall be incredible; being thereby deprived of their Natural Liberty, as it were fettered with Manacles and Bolts, ſo as they are not able to remove from that place of Miſery. It were a great Torment to have burning Irons caſt upon our Hands and Feet; but this and much more ſhall be in Hell, where thoſe Fiery Bodies, which are to ſerve inſtead of Shackles and Fetters, are to be of terrible forms, proportionable unto their Offences; and ſhall with their very ſight affright them.

Aug. lib. 1. de civitat. Dei. 10. Leſſ. de perfect. divin. lib. 13. c. 30.

Beſides,

Beſides, the Bodies of the Damned, after the final Judgment paſt, ſhall be ſo ſtraitned and crowded together in that Infernal Dungeon, that the Holy Scripture compares them to Grapes in the Winepreſs, which preſs one another till they burſt. Moſt barbarous was that Torment inflicted upon ſome unfortunate Perſons; they put certain Rings of Iron, ſtuck full of ſharp Points of Needles, about their Arms and Feet, in ſuch manner as they could not move without pricking and wounding themſelves; then they compaſſed them about with Fire, to the end that ſtanding ſtill, they might be burnt alive; and if they ſtirred, the ſharp Points pierced the Fleſh with more intolerable pains, than the Fire: What ſhall then be the Torment of the Damned, where they ſhall burn Eternally without dying, and without poſſibility of removing from the place deſigned them? Where whatſoever they touch ſhall be Fire and Sulphur; into which their Bodies at the latter day ſhall be plunged: Neither ſhall unſavoury Smells, ſo proper unto Priſons, be wanting in that infernal Dungeon: For firſt, that Fire of Sulphur, being pent in without vent or reſpiration, ſhall ſend forth a poyſonous ſcent; and if a Match of Brimſtone be offen-

offenſive here, what ſhall ſuch a Maſs of that Stuff be in Hell? Secondly, The Bodies of the Damned ſhall caſt forth a moſt horrible ſtink of themſelves, and that more or leſs, according to the quality of their Sins.

Actiolinus the Tyrant (as *Paulus Jovius* writes) had many Priſons full of Torments, Miſeries, and ill Smells; in ſo much as Men took it for a Happineſs rather to die, than to be Impriſoned; becauſe being loaden with Irons, afflicted with Hunger, and Poyſoned with the Peſtilential Smell of thoſe who died in Priſon, and were not ſuffered to be removed, they came to end in a ſlow, but moſt cruel Death: But what were thoſe Priſons to that of Hell, in reſpect of which they may be eſteemed as Paradiſe, full of Jeſſamin, and Lilies?

Whatſoever Miſery was ſuffered in *Actiolinus*'s Priſon, was in this regard tolerable, becauſe it was of no long continuance, being to laſt no longer than a ſhort Life, and quite vaniſhing away at the hour of Death; but this Priſon of the Damned is void of all Comfort; the Torments thereof are intolerable, becauſe they are Eternal. Death cannot enter in there, neither can thoſe that are entred

entred, get out again; but they ſhall be Tormented for evermore, for evermore; What a fearful thing is this? They ſhall be Tormented for evermore.

If one were caſt into ſome deep Dungeon, without Cloaths, expoſed to the inclemency of the Cold, and moiſture of the place, where he ſhould not ſee the Light of Heaven; ſhould have nothing to feed on, but once a day ſome little piece of hard Barley-bread; and that he were to continue there ſix Years, without ſpeaking or ſeeing of any Body; and not to ſleep on other Bed, but the cold Ground; what a Miſery were this? One Week of that Habitation would appear longer than a hundred years: Yet compare this with what ſhall be in the Baniſhment and Priſon of Hell; and you ſhall find the miſerable Life of that Man to be an Happineſs; there in all his troubles he ſhould not meet with any to ſcoff at his misfortune; none to Torment, and whip him; but in Hell he ſhall find both; the Devils ſhall not ceaſe to deride, whip and cruelly Torment him: There ſhould be no horrid ſights, no fearful Noiſes of Howlings, Groanings and Lamentations; in Hell the Eyes and Ears of the Damned ſhall never be free from ſuch affrights; there

there ſhould be no Flames of Fire to Scorch him; in Hell they ſhall burn into his Bowels; there he might move and walk; in Hell not ſtir a Foot; there he may breath the Air without ſtink; in Hell he ſhall ſuck in nothing but Flames, Stink, and Sulphur; there he might hope for coming forth; in Hell there is no Redemption; there that little piece of hard Bread would ſeem every day a Dainty; but in Hell, in Millions of Years, his Eyes ſhall not behold a Crum of Bread, nor a drop of Water; but ſhall Eternally rage with Hunger and a burning Thirſt; this is to be the Calamity of that Land of Darkneſs.

O Divine Eternity, O Eternal Divinity, who haſt in thy Hands the extremities of the Earth, and who keeps the Keys of Eternal Life and Death; I am in thy Hands, as Clay in the Hands of the Potter, diſpoſe of me as thou pleaſeſt; I love Thee intirely, I cannot love Thee more, if I had the whole Univerſe to boot; for all that which is out of Thee, my God, and is not God, is as nothing to me: I love not Paradiſe it ſelf, but becauſe thou, my God, art there beloved: I know not how to love the Paradiſe of God, but only the God of Paradiſe:

Paradiſe: And I put no leſs rate upon the Calvary, *where my Saviour was Crucified, than the Heaven, where he is glorified: O my God, thou art He whom I ſeek for; to thee only it is that I aſpire: Yet henceforth I will not ſo much love the Eternity of God, as the God of Eternity, tho' it be the ſame Eternity, and that ſame Eternity be God himſelf: To whom be Glory, and Honour for ever and ever.* Amen.

CHAP. VII.

Of the Slavery and Pains Eternal.

THE Slavery of the Damned in Hell are ſuch, that all their Senſes and Powers of Soul and Body, are ſubject unto Eternal Pains and Torments; with their Touch, they are to ſerve that burning and never conſuming Fire: With their Taſt, Hunger and Thirſt; with their Smell, Stink; with their Sight, thoſe horrid and monſtrous Shapes, which the Devils ſhall aſſume; with their Hearing, Scorns and Affronts; with their Imagination, Horror; with their Will, Loathſomneſs and Deteſtation; with their Memory, Deſpair; with their Underſtanding, con-

confuſion, with ſuch a multitude of other puniſhments, as they ſhall want Eyes to weep for them.

Ælian Writes of *Trizus* the Tyrant, that he commanded his Subjects not to ſpeak together; and when they uſed ſigns, inſtead of Words, he alſo forbad Thoſe; whereupon the afflicted people met in the Market-place at leaſt to weep for their misfortunes, but neither was that permitted; Greater ſhall be the rigour in Hell, where they ſhall neither be ſuffered to ſpeak a Word of Comfort, nor move Hand or Foot; nor eaſe their Hearts with Weeping; *Jeremias* the Prophet lamented with floods of Tears, that *Jeruſalem*, which was the Queen of Nations, ſhould be made a Slave and Tributary; what Tears are ſufficient to lament the Damnation of a poor Soul, who from an Heir and Prince of the Kingdom of Heaven hath made himſelf a Slave to the Devil, and thoſe Eternal puniſhments in Hell, unto which he is to pay as many Tributes as he hath Senſes, Powers, and Members?

As the Slaves of the Earth are whipt and puniſhed by their Maſters, ſo the Slaves of Hell are Tormented by the Devils, who have Power and Dominion over them; Children, as Slaves, are whip-

ped and chaſtiſed by their Maſters; ſo the Tormentors, making the Damned as their Slaves, lay upon them a Thouſand Afflictions, Griefs, and Miſeries; Every Member of their Body ſhall ſuffer greater Pain and Torment, than if it were Torn from the Body; if one cannot tell how to ſuffer a Tooth-ach, Head-ach, or the Pain of the Collick, what will it be when there ſhall not be any Joynt, or the leaſt part of the Body, which ſhall not cauſe him an intolerable Pain? Not only the Head, or Teeth, but alſo the Breaſt, Sides, Shoulders, the Back, the Heart and all the parts of the Body, even to the very Bones and Marrow. Who can expreſs the number and greatneſs of their Torments, ſince all their Powers and Senſes, Soul and Body, are to ſuffer in a moſt violent manner? Beſides this, every Senſe from his particular Object, ſhall receive a particular puniſhment.

The Eyes ſhall not only be grieved with a Scorching Heat, but ſhall be Tormented with monſtrous and horrible Figures; many are affrighted very much, paſſing through a Church-Yard, only for fear of ſeeing a Phantaſm; in what a fright will be a miſerable Damned Soul, which ſhall ſee ſo many, and of ſo horrid ſhapes?

Their

Their ſight alſo ſhall be Tormented with beholding the Puniſhment of their Friends and Kindred; *Ægeſippus* writes that *Alexander*, the Son of *Hircanus*, reſolving to puniſh certain perſons with exemplary Rigour, cauſed eight hundred to be Crucified; and whilſt they were yet alive, cauſed their Wives and Children to be Murdered before their Eyes; that ſo they might dye not once, but many Deaths. This Rigour ſhall not be wanting in Hell, where Fathers ſhall ſee their Sons, and Brothers their Brothers Tormented. The Torment of the Eyes ſhall be alſo very great, in regard that thoſe which have given others Scandal, and made others fall into Sin, ſhall ſee themſelves, and thoſe other, in that Abyſs of Torments. To the ſight of thoſe dreadful Apparitions ſhall be added the Horror, and fearful Darkneſs of the place. The Darkneſs of *Egypt* was ſaid to be horrible, becauſe there the *Egyptians* beheld fearful Figures, and Phantaſms, which terrified them; In the like manner, in that Infernal Darkneſs, the Eyes ſhall be Tormented with the monſtrous Figures of the wicked Spirits, which ſhall appear much more dreadful, by reaſon of the obſcurity and ſadneſs of that Eternal Night.

The Hearing ſhall not only be afflicted by an intolerable pain, cauſed by that ever burning and penetrating Fire, but alſo with the fearful and amazing Noiſes of Thunders, Howlings, Clamours, Groans, Curſes, and Blaſphemies. *Sylla*, being Dictator, cauſed ſix thouſand Perſons to be incloſed in the *Circus*; and then appointing the Senate to meet in a Temple cloſe by, where he intended to ſpeak unto them about his own affairs; to ſtrike the greater Terror into them, and make them know he was their Maſter, he gave order that ſo ſoon as he began his Oration, the Souldiers ſhould kill this Multitude of People; which was effected: Upon which were heard ſuch Lamentations, Out-cries, Groans, Claſhing of Armour, and Blows of thoſe mercileſs Homicides, that the Senators could not hear a Word, but ſtood amazed with Terror of ſo horrid a Fact. What ſhall be the Harmony of Hell, where the Ears ſhall be deafned with the Cries and Complaints of the Damned? What Confuſion and Horror ſhall it breed to hear all Lament, all Complain, all Curſe and Blaſpheme, through the Bitterneſs of the Torments which they ſuffer?

But the Damned ſhall principally be affrighted,

affrighted, and ſhall quake to hear the Thunder-clap of the Wrath of God, which ſhall continually reſound in their Ears. *Whereas the Juſt,* ſaith the Royal Prophet, *ſhall be in the Eternal memory of God, and ſhall not fear the dreadful Crack of his wrath.*

The Smell ſhall alſo be Tormented with a moſt Peſtilential ſtink. Horrible was that Torment uſed by *Mezentius*, to tye a Living Body to a Dead, and there to leave them, until the Infection and putrified Exhalations of the Dead had killed the Living: What can be more abominable than for a living Man to have his Mouth laid cloſe to that of a dead one, full of Grubs and Worms, where the living muſt receive all thoſe Peſtilential Vapours, breathed forth from a corrupt Carcaſs, and ſuffer ſuch loathſomneſs and abominable Stink? But what is this in reſpect of Hell, when each Body of the Damned is more loathſom and unſavoury, than a Million of dead Dogs, and all thoſe preſſed and crowded together in ſo ſtrait a Compaſs? *Bonaventure* goes ſo far as to ſay, That if one only of the Damned were brought into this World, it were ſufficient to infect the whole Earth. Neither ſhall the Devils ſend forth a better Smell, for altho'

they are Spirits, yet thoſe fiery Bodies unto which they are faſtned and confined, ſhall be of a more Peſtilential ſavour.

Hell is the Worlds ſink, and the receptacle of all the Filth in this great Frame, and withal a deep Dungeon, where the Air hath no acceſs: How great muſt the Stink and Infection needs be of ſo many Corruptions heaped one upon another? And how inſufferable the Smell of that Infernal Brimſtone, mixed with ſo many corrupted matters? O Gulf of Horror! O Infernal Grave! Without vent or breathing place! Eternal Grave of ſuch as die continually and cannot die, with what abominable filth art thou not filled?

What ſhall I then ſay of the Tongue, which is the inſtrument of ſo many ways of Sinning, Flattery, Lying, Murmuring, and Calumniating, Gluttony, and Drunkenneſs? Who can expreſs that Bitterneſs, which the Damned ſhall ſuffer, greater than that of *Aloes* or *Wormwood*? The Scripture tells us, the Gall of Dragons ſhall be their Wine; and they ſhall taſte the Poyſon of Aſps for all Eternity, unto which ſhall be joyned an intolerable Thirſt, and Dog-like Hunger; Conformable to which *David* ſaid, *they ſhall ſuffer*

fer hunger, as Dogs; Famin is the moſt preſſing of all Neceſſities, and moſt deformed of all Evils; Plagues and Wars are Happineſſes in reſpect of it; if then a Famin of eight days be the worſt of temporal Evils, what ſhall that Famine be which is Eternal? Let our Epicures hear what the Son of God Propheſies, *Wo unto you who are full*; for you ſhall be an hungred, and with ſuch a hunger as ſhall be Eternal: Hunger in this Life doth bring Men to ſuch extremity, that not only they come to deſire to eat Dogs, Cats, Rats, and Mice, but alſo Mothers come to eat their own Children, and Men the fleſh of their own Arms, as it fell out to *Zenon* the Emperor. If Hunger be ſo terrible a miſchief in this Life, how will it afflict the Damned in the other? Without all doubt the Damned would rather tear themſelves in pieces, than ſuffer it; all the moſt horrible Famin that the Scripture Hiſtories propoſe unto us are but weak Pictures, to that, which the Damned ſuffer in this unfortunate reſidence of Eternal Miſeries; neither ſhall Thirſt torment them leſs. *Luk. c. 6.*

The Senſe of Touching, as it is the moſt extended Senſe of all the reſt, ſo it ſhall be the moſt tormented in that

burning Fire; all the Torments which the Scripture doth exhibit to us, as prepared for the Reprobate, ſeem to fall upon this only Senſe; *They ſhall paſs*, ſaith *Job*, *from extremity of Cold to intolerable Heats*, whole floods of Fire and Brimſtone, which ſhowr down upon thoſe unfortunate Wretches; all this belongs unto the Senſe of Touching. We are amazed to think of the Inhumanity of *Phalaris*, who roaſted Men alive in his brazen Bull; this was a joy in reſpect of that Fire of Hell, which penetrates the very Entrails of the Body without conſuming them: The burning of a Finger only does cauſe ſo great a Torment, that it's unſufferable, but far greater were it to burn the whole Arm; and far greater were it beſides the Arms to burn the Legs, and far more violent Torment would it be to burn the whole Body: This Torment is ſo great, that it cannot be expreſſed, ſince it compriſes as many Torments as the Body of Man hath Joints Sinews, Arteries, &c. and eſpecially, being cauſed by that penetrating and real Fire, of which this Temporal Fire is but a painted Fire, in reſpect of that in Hell.

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Amongſt all the Torments which Human Juſtice hath invented for the puniſhment of Crimes, there is none held more rigorous than That of Fire, by reaſon of the great Activity of that Element; what ſhall the heat of that Fire be, which ſhall be the Executioner of the Juſtice of the God of Vengeance? Whoſe Zeal ſhall be inflamed againſt the wicked; and ſhall kindle the Fire, which ſhall Eternally burn in the extremities of Hell; ſuch are the Torments and Miſeries of Hell, that if all the Trees in the World were put in one heap, and ſet on fire, I would rather burn there till the day of Judgment, than ſuffer only for the ſpace of one hour, that Fire of Hell: What a miſerable unhappineſs will it be, to burn in thoſe Flames of Hell not only for an hour, but till the day of Judgment; yea even for all Eternity, and World without end? Who would not eſteem it an hideous Torment, if he were to be burnt alive an hundred times, and his Torment was to laſt every time for the ſpace of an hour, with what compaſſionate Eyes would all the World look upon ſuch a miſerable Wretch? Nevertheleſs, without all doubt, any of the Damned in Hell would receive this as a great happineſs to

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end his Torments with thoſe hundred times burning: For what compariſon is there betwixt an hundred hours burning, with ſome ſpace of Time betwixt every hour; and to burn an hundred years of continual Torment? And what Compariſon will there be betwixt burning for an hundred years ſpace, and to be burning without interruption, as long as God is God?

Who can expreſs the ſtrange and horrible confuſion, which ſhall inhabit the Appetite of theſe wretched Creatures? If all the diſorders of Mans Life ſpring from his Paſſions, what diſorder muſt thoſe miſerable Souls, needs feel in that part, what Convulſions, what Rage, what Fury? Alas! That Noble Paſſion, Love, the Queen of all the reſt, the Sun of Life, that Paſſion which might have made them happy for ever, if they had turned it towards God; that amiable Object being razed out of them, the perpetual averſion they have to Love, ſhall eternally afflict them, the Paſſion of Hatred ſhall be outragious in the Damned, whence ſhall proceed their continual Blaſphemies againſt God, and the perpetual Curſes and Imprecations, which they ſhall make againſt the Creatures; and if they have any deſires, they ſhall be deſirous

ſirous to ſee all the World partaker of their pains; their averſion from all good ſhall be as much tormenting, as in it ſelf it is execrable. Of Joy there muſt no mention be made in that place of dolour; but contrariwiſe of incredible ſadneſs, which ſhall oppreſs them without any Conſolation. The heat of Anger ſhall redouble the heat of their Flames; Hope baniſhed from their Hearts ſhall leave the place void to deſpair, which ſhall be one of their fierceſt Torments. And tho' their Bodies be within Hells Boſom, yet ſhall they bear about them another Hell in their own Boſoms.

Conſider now, my Soul, whether thou art able to live in this devouring Fire; whether thou wilt make choice of thy Habitation in Eternal Flames? This Fire is prepared for the Devil and his Angels, conſider whether thou wilt enter into this curſed Crew, and take part of the dregs of their Chalice? There is no Medium, either thou muſt forſake thy Sins, or elſe thou muſt be given up a Prey to this Eternal Torment: I doubt not, thou wilt make a happy choice, and, to eſcape ſo dangerous a Gulf, caſt thy ſelf into the Arms of Divine Mercy, which only admits the Penitent, and ſay thus, *O great God, who art*

a consuming Fire, and makes the Fire of thy Divine Justice issue from amongst the Thorns, to burn the tallest Cedars *in* Lebanon; *let the Fire, which walks before thee as Executioner of thy Justice, never depart from our memory; may it be unto us a Pillar of Light in the Darkness of our Errors, a Lamp unto our Feet, and a Lanthorn to our Ways, whereby we may discover this infernal Gulf, which is ready to swallow us up: Thou, O Lord, who didst deliver the three Children out of the Babyloniam Furnace, preserve us from those Eternal Flames, and exempt us from the burning Ones of thy wrath; place us in the Light and Bright One of thy Love, where like* Pyratides *and sacred* Salamanders *we shall live happy without Pain or Torment, singing Honour, Praise, and Benediction, unto Thee our God for ever and ever.* Amen.

CHAP. VIII.

The Pains of the Powers of a Damned Soul.

THE Imagination shall afflict those miserable Offenders, encreasing the pains of the Senses, by the liveliness of its

its Apprehenſion: If in this Life, the Imagination is ſometime ſo vehement, that it hurts more than real Evils; in the other the Torment which it cauſes, will be exceſſive. *Baptiſta Fulgoſus* recounts, as an Eye-Witneſs; that being a Judge in a Duel, one of the Competitors made the other flie, but inſtantly fell down dead himſelf, without any other cauſe than an imagination that he was hurt to death; for he neither received wound or blow, neither was the ſign of any found upon his dead Body; if in this Life, the imagination be ſo powerful in Men, who are in Health, as to cauſe a Senſe of Pain, where none hurts; Grief, where none moleſts; and Death, where none kills: What ſhall it be in Hell, where ſo my Devils puniſh and afflict with Torments, preſerving only Life, that the pain of Death may live Eternally? And if we ſee ſome timorous People with an imaginary fear tremble and remain half dead, there is no doubt but the imagination of thoſe miſerable Perſons, joyned with the Horror of the place where they are, will cauſe a thouſand Pains and Torments.

Frame a Judgment of it, by that which happens to ſuch, as in this Life, finding themſelves guilty of grievous Crimes, fear

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to fall into temporal Juſtice: They may indeed ſometimes be in a ſecure place, but never in ſecurity; They may be hid from the Eyes of Men, and be placed out of their reach; but never ſhall they be able to hide themſelves from themſelves, or eſcape the Aſſault of their own Conſciences: While they wake, they are tortured with Fears and Suſpicions; their Sleep is interrupted with wicked Dreams; dread doth ſtill follow them; at each ones approach they quake with fear, and the Furies, having ſeiſed upon them, grant them neither Peace or Truce; their troubled Thoughts put their Hearts upon the Rack. Now, if the Apprehenſion of Human Juſtice, which hath Power only over the Body, gives ſo dreadful Alarms to the imagination, what will the Senſe of the Darts of the Divine Juſtice do, which are ſo many Inſtruments of Death, and burning Arrows ſhot at the Damned Souls?

The Will ſhall be Tormented with an Eternal abhorring and rage againſt it ſelf, againſt all Creatures, and againſt God the Creator of all; and ſhall with an intolerable Sadneſs, Anger, Grief, and Diſorder of all the Affections violently deſire things impoſſible, and deſpair of all that is good: If Joy conſiſts in the poſſeſſion of

of what one Loves, and Pain in the want of that which is deſired, and being neceſſitated to what is abhorred; what greater Pain and Torment, than to be ever deſiring that which ſhall never be enjoyed; and ever abhorring that which we can never be quit of? That which he deſires, he ſhall never obtain; and what he deſires not, Eternally ſuffer: And from hence ſhall ſpring that raging Fury which *David* ſpeaks of; *The Sinner ſhall ſee, and be raging; he ſhall gnaſh his Teeth, and be conſumed:* This Rage and Madneſs ſhall be increaſed by the Deſpair which ſhall be joyned unto it, which muſt needs be moſt terrible unto the Damned: For as the greateſt Evil is eaſed by Hope; ſo the leaſt is made grievous by Deſpair. Hope in Afflictions is ſupported by two things; one is, the Fruit which may reſult from ſuffering; the other is, the End and concluſion of the Evil ſuffered: But in regard the Deſpair of the Damned is of ſo great Evils, the Deſpair it ſelf will be a moſt horrible one.

If one ſuffers and reaps fruit by it, its a comfort unto him, and the grief is recompenſed by the joy of the benefit thereof; but when the ſuffering is without Fruit or Profit, then it comes to be heavy indeed; the

the hope of a good Harveſt makes the Labourer with chearfulneſs endure the toyl of Plowing and Sowing; but if he were certain to reap no profit, every pace he moved would be grievous and irkſome unto him. Though in temporal Afflictions this hope of recompence ſhould fail, yet the hope that they ſhould ſometimes ceaſe and have an end, would afford ſome comfort and eaſe unto the Sufferers: But in Hell both thoſe are wanting; the Damned ſhall never receive reward for their Sufferings, nor ſhall their Torments ever have an end.

O let us conſider how great a Recompence attends the leaſt of our ſufferings here in Gods Service; and how vain and unprofitable ſhall all our Sufferings be hereafter; here ſome few Penitent Ejaculations may gain Eternal Glories; there the moſt intenſe Pains and Torments both in Soul and Body, cannot deſerve a drop of cold Water, nor ſo much eaſe as to turn from one ſide to the other. In this raging Deſpair end the vain hopes of Sinners: Hell is full of thoſe who hoped they ſhould never enter into it; and full of thoſe who deſpair of getting out of it; they offended with a preſumptuous hope they ſhould not dye in Sin; and that proving falſe, are

are fallen into Eternal Deſparation; there is no hope can excuſe the falling into ſo great a danger. Let us therefore ſecure Heaven, and not ſin.

The Memory ſhall be another cruel Torment of thoſe miſerable Sinners, converting all they have done, good or bad, into Torments: The good, becauſe they have loſt their reward; the bad, becauſe they have deſerved their puniſhment; the delights alſo, which they have enjoyed, and all the happineſs of this Life, in which they have Triumphed (ſeeing that for Them they fell into this miſery) ſhall be a ſharp Sword which ſhall pierce their Hearts; they ſhall be full of affliction, when they ſhall compare the ſhortneſs of their paſt Pleaſures with the Eternity of their preſent Torment; what Groans, what Sighs, will they pour out, when they ſee that thoſe delights which hardly laſted an inſtant, and that the Pains they ſuffer for them ſhall laſt for Ages and Eternities; all that is paſt appearing but as a Dream: Let us tremble at the Pleaſures and Felicity of this Life, ſince they may turn into *Arſnick* or *Wormwood*; the miſerable Wretch ſhall with great grief remember, how often he might have gained Heaven, and did not, but is

now tumbled into Hell; and ſhall ſay unto himſelf, How many times might I have prayed, and ſpent that time in play, but now I pay for it? How many Times ought I to have faſted, and left it, to ſatisfie my greedy appetite? How many times might I have given Alms, and ſpent it in Sin? How many times might I have pardoned my Enemies, and choſe rather to be revenged? How many times might I have frequented the Sacraments, and forbore them, becauſe I would not quit the occaſion of Sinning? There never wanted means of ſerving God, but I never made uſe of them, and am therefore juſtly paid for all; behold, wretched Soul, that entertaining thy ſelf in Pleaſures, thou haſt for Toys and Fooleries loſt Heaven! If thou wouldeſt, thou mighteſt have been a companion for Angels; if thou wouldeſt thou mighteſt have been in Eternal joy, and thou haſt left all for the Pleaſure of a moment: *O Accurſed and Miſerable Creature! thy Redeemer courted thee with Heaven, and thou deſpiſedſt him for a baſe trifle; this was thy fault, and now thou ſuffereſt for it; and ſince thou wouldſt not be happy with God, thou ſhalt now be Eternally curſed by Him, and his Angels.*

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The Underſtanding ſhall Torment it ſelf with diſcourſes of great Bitterneſs; diſcourſing of nothing, but what may grieve it: *Ariſtotle* ſhall not then take delight in his Wiſdom, nor *Seneca* comfort himſelf with his Philoſophy; *Galen* ſhall find no remedy in his Phyſick; nor the profoundeſt Scholar in his Divinity.

Beſides theſe Miſeries and Calamities, in this Power of the Soul is ingendred the Worm of Conſcience; which is ſo often propoſed unto us in Holy Scripture, as a moſt terrible Torment, and greater than that of Fire: Only in one Sermon, Chriſt our Redeemer three times menaces us, *with that Worm which gnaws the Conſciences, and tears in pieces the Hearts of the Damned*; admoniſhing us often, *that their Worm ſhall never die, nor their Fire be quenched.* For as the Worm, which breeds in dead Fleſh, or that which breeds in Woods, eats and gnaws that ſubſtance of which they are ingendred; ſo the Worm which is bred from Sin is in perpetual enmity with it, gnawing and devouring the Heart of the Sinner with raging and deſperate grief; ſtill putting him in mind, that by his own fault he loſt that Eternal Glory, which he might ſo eaſily have obtained, and is now fallen into Eternal

Torments, from whence there is no redemption; and certainly this reſentment of the loſs of Heaven ſhall more Torment him than the Fire of Hell: It's a Hell in Hell, worſe than a thouſand Hells.

Certainly it were a great rigour if a Father ſhould be forced to be preſent at the Execution of his Son; but more, if he ſhould be compelled to be the Hangman; and yet greater, if the Gallows ſhould be placed before his own Door; ſo that he could neither go in or out, without beholding the affront; but far greater cruelty, if they ſhould make the guilty Perſon to execute himſelf, and that by cutting his Body in pieces, Member after Member, or tearing off his Fleſh with his own Teeth; this is the Cruelty and Torment of an evil Conſcience, with which a Sinner is racked and tortured amongſt thoſe Eternal Flames, not being able to baniſh his faults from his Memory; nor their puniſhment from his thoughts; the envy alſo which they ſhall bear towards thoſe who have gained Heaven, by as ſmall matters as they have loſt it, ſhall much add to their grief: Thoſe who are hungry, if they ſee others, meaner than they, feed at ſome ſplendid and plentiful Table, and cannot be admitted themſelves,

ſelves, become more Hungry; ſo ſhall it fare with the Damned, who ſhall be more afflicted by beholding others ſometimes leſs than themſelves enjoy that Eternal Happineſs, which they through want of care are deprived of; what lamentations ſhall the Damned ſend forth, when they ſhall ſee that the Juſt have gained the Benediction of God, and that they loſt it through their own neglect?

After all this, there ſhall not want in Hell the Pains of Death, which amongſt Human puniſhments is the greateſt; that of Hell is a living Death: The Death which Men give, together with Death, takes away the Pain and Senſe of Dying; but the Eternal Death of Sinners is with ſenſe, and by ſo much greater, as it hath more of life, recollecting within it ſelf the worſt of Dying, which is to periſh; and the moſt intolerable of Life, which is to ſuffer pain: In Hell there ſhall be unto the miſerable a Death without Death, and an End without End, for their Death ſhall ever live, and their end ſhall never begin.

See how the Rack compels them at length to confeſs the truth. What hath Pride profited us? What advantage have we gotten by the vanity of Riches? All

that is paſt as a ſhadow, as a Ship Sailing on the Sea under full Sails, leaving behind her no marks of her paſſage; as a Bird flying in the Air, whoſe trace is not found; ſo have our days run by, without having any mark of Vertue: We have ſpent in malice all the time, which was liberally beſtowed upon us, *to work out our Salvation in fear and trembling*; we have paſt the courſe of our Age in appearances, and in the Vanities and Follies of the World, and in an inſtant we are fallen into Hell; in this ſort do thoſe Wretches, gnawn with a continual Sorrow, unprofitably repent themſelves, and groan under the preſſure and affliction of Heart, which is the Hell of their Hell.

Even here among us, if there ſhould be a Condition, in which we might be ſenſible but of ſome part of that which Death brings along with it, it would be eſteemed a greater evil than Death it ſelf: Who doubts, but if one after Burial ſhould find himſelf alive and ſenſible under the Earth, where he could ſpeak with no Body, ſee nothing but Darkneſs, hear nothing but thoſe who walk above him, ſmell nothing, but the rotten ſtink of their Bodies, eat nothing but his own Fleſh, nor feel any thing but the Earth which oppreſſes

preſſes him, or the cold pavement of the Vault where he lay; who doubts not, I ſay, but that this Eſtate were worſe than to be wholly Dead, ſince Life only ſerved to feel the pain of Death? What Sepulchre is more terrible than that of Hell, which is eternally ſhut upon thoſe who are in it, where the miſerable Damned remain not only under the Earth, but under Fire, having ſenſe for nothing but to feel Death, Darkneſs and Pain? This Death of Hell may be called a double Death, in reſpect it contains both the Death of Sin, and the Death of Pain; thoſe unfortunate Wretches ſtanding Condemned, never to be freed from the Death of Sin, and for ever to be Tormented with Death of Pain: There is no greater Death than that of the Soul, which is Sin, in which the Miſerable are to continue whilſt God is God, with what infinite Evil, and that ugly deformity which Sin draws along with it, which is worſe than to ſuffer that Eternal Fire, which is but the Puniſhment of it: After Sin, what Pains ſhould there be greater, than that of Sin it ſelf? Who trembles not with the only Memory, that he is to die, remembring that he is to ceaſe to be; that the Feet, whereon he walks, are no more to bear him; that his

Hands are no more to ſerve him, nor his Eyes to ſeee? Why then do we not tremble at the thought of Hell, in reſpect of which the firſt Death is no Puniſhment, but a reward and Happineſs, there being no Damned in Hell, but would take that Death, which we here inflict for offences, as an eaſe of his Pains? They ſhall deſire Death, and Death ſhall flie from them; for unto all their Evils and Miſeries, this as the greateſt is adjoyned, that neither they nor it ſhall ever die: This circumſtance of being Eternal doth much augment the Torments of Hell: Let us ſuppoſe, that one had but a Gnat that ſhould ſting his Right Hand, and a Waſp at the Leſt, and that one Foot ſhould be pricked with a Thorn, and the other with a Pin; if this only were to laſt for ever, it would be an intolerable Pain. What will it then be when Hands, Feet, Arms, Head, and all the Members, are to burn for all Eternity? They ſhall always burn, but never be conſumed; they ſhall ſeek for Death in the Flames, but ſhall not find it; therefore juſtly doth one cry out, O Wo Eternal, that never ſhall have End! O End without End! O Death more grievous than all Death, always to Die, and never to be quite Dead.

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The Torments in Hell are ſo many in number, that they cannot be numbred; ſo long in continuance, that they cannot be meaſured; ſo grievous for quality, that they cannot be endured, but with ſuch infinite Pain, that every minute of an hour ſhall ſeem a whole year: *O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger, neither chaſten me in thy diſpleaſure; unleſs thou wilt have mercy, O God, I muſt needs periſh:* In this Life we have hope of our Comforter in all Diſtreſſes; which hath a Sovereign Vertue to mitigate all Pains and Sorrows. And God of his great mercy for the moſt part, in all Adverſities ſtill leaveth a Man ſome hope of Help and Succcour; the Sick Man, as long as he Lives, he ſtill Lives in hope; as long as there is Life, there is hope; but after this Life ended there remaineth to the Damned no more hope of any Comfort; Hope the laſt Comforter of all taketh her flight, and Eternal deſparation ſeiſeth upon them.

If an Angel ſhould promiſe thee to be made an Emperor, ſo you would lie in your Bed one Night in the ſame poſture, looking upwards towards Heaven, without moving or turning your ſelf all Night, if you have a mind to turn on one ſide, it will be a trouble to you not to do it,

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and will perſwade your ſelf, that you never laid ſo uneaſie in your whole Life before; and will ſay unto your ſelf, my Bed is good and ſoft, I am well, what is wanting to me? Nothing is wanting, but only to turn me from one ſide to the other. How comes this to paſs, that thou canſt not reſt one ſingle Night, it being ſuch a torture to be ſtill without turning thy ſelf? What would it be if thou wert to remain in one poſture three or four Nights? Thou haſt little patience, ſince a thing ſo ſmall doth grieve thee; what would it be if thou hadſt the *Cholick*, or wert tormented with the *Stone* or *Sciatica*? Far greater Evils than theſe are prepared for thee in Hell, whither thou poſts by running into ſo many Sins: Conſider what a Couch is prapared for thee in that Abyſs of Miſery, what Feather-Bed, what Holland Sheets? Thou ſhalt be caſt upon burning Coals, Flames and Sulphur ſhall be thy Coverlets; mark well whether this Bed be for one Night only; yea, Nights, Days, Months, and Years, for Ages and Eternities, thou art to remain on that ſide thou falleſt on, without having the leaſt relief to turn thy ſelf unto the other: That Fire ſhall never die, neither ſhalt thou ever die, to the end

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its Toments may laſt Eternally: After an hundred years, and after an hundred thouſand of Millions of years, they ſhall be as livelyand as vigorous as at the firſt day; ſee what thou doeſt, by not fearing Eternal Death; by making no account of Eternity; by ſetting ſo much of thy affection on a temporal Life; thou doeſt not walk the right way: Change thy Life, and begin to ſerve thy Creator.

Bleſſed Lord, Eternal God, my Heart is naked and open before Thee; I ſend up my ſighs as humble Orators before Thee; I know not what to ask, nor how, only this one thing I beg at thy Hands, that thou wilt not ſuffer me to die an Eternal Death; correct me here as thy Child, that I may be ſaved hereafter: Lord, thou knoweſt that I love thee; and that I deſire to be with Thee, that I may ſing Eternal praiſes unto Thee: Lord, have Mercy upon me, and grant me thy requeſt for thy great Mercy ſake.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

The Fruit which may be drawn from the Conſideration of Eternal Evils.

ALL which hath been ſaid of the Pains in Hell, is far ſhort of that, which really they are; there is great difference betwixt the knowledg we have by relation, and that which we learn by experience: The *Machabees* knew, that the Temple of the Lord was already prophaned and deſtroyed, they had heard of it, and lamented it; but when they ſaw with their Eyes the Sanctuary lie deſolate, the Altar prophaned, and the Gates burnt, there was then no meaſure of their Tears; they tore their Garments, caſt Aſhes upon their Heads, threw themſelves upon the Ground, and their Complaints aſcended as high as Heaven; if then the relation and diſcourſe of the Pains of Hell make us tremble, what ſhall be the ſight and experience? The conſideration of what hath been ſaid, may help us to form ſome conception of the Terror and Horrour of that place of Eternal Sorrow: Let us deſcend into Hell whilſt we live, that we may not deſcend there when we are dead: Let us draw

draw ſome Fruit from thence, during our Lives, from whence nothing but Torment is to be had after Death.

The principal Fruit which may be drawn from that conſideration, are theſe: In the firſt place, an ardent Love, and ſincere gratitude towards our Creator; that having ſo often deſerved Hell, he hath not yet ſuffered us to fall into it: How many be there now in Hell, who for their firſt mortal Sin, and only for that one have been ſent thither? And we, notwithſtanding the innumerable Sins, which we have committed, are yet ſpared: What did God find in us, that he ſhould uſe a Mercy towards us for ſo many Sins, which he did not afford to others for ſo few? Why are we not then more grateful for ſo many benefits, which we have no ways deſerved? How grateful would a Damned perſon be, if God ſhould free him from thoſe Flames, wherein he is tormented, and place him in the ſame condition we now are? What a life would he lead, and how grateful would he be unto ſo merciful a Benefactor? He hath done no leſs for us, but much more; for if he hath not drawn us out of Hell, he hath not thrown us into it, as we deſerved, which is the greater favour. Tell me, if a Creditor ſhould caſt that Debtor into Priſon, who owed

owed him a thouſand Duckets, and after the enduring of much affliction, at laſt releaſe him; or ſhould ſuffer another, who owed fifty thouſand Duckets, to go up and down free without touching a thread of his Garment; whether of the Debtors received the greater benefit? I believe thou wilt ſay, the latter; more then are we indebted to God Almighty, and therefore ought to ſerve him better: Conſider how a Man would live, who ſhould be reſtored to life after he had been in Hell: Thou ſhouldſt live better, ſince thou art more indebted to Almighty God.

Secondly, we are taught to exerciſe our patience in ſuffering the afflictions and troubles of this Life; that by enduring of theſe thankfully, we may eſcape thoſe of the other; he who ſhall conſider the Eternity of thoſe Torments, which he deſerves, will not be troubled at the Pains of this Life how bitter ſoever: There is no State or Condition upon Earth, how miſerable ſoever, which the Damned would not endure, and think it an infinite Happineſs, if they might change with it; neither is there any courſe of life ſo unhappy, which he, who had once experienced thoſe burning Flames, if he might live again, would not willingly undergo; he, who hath once deſerved

ſerved Eternal Torments, let him never murmur againſt the croſſes and petty injuries offered him in this Life: If thou goeſt into a Bath, and ſhalt find it exceſſive hot, think on Hell; if thou art tormented with the heat of ſome violent Fever, paſs unto the conſideration of thoſe Eternal Flames, which burn without end; and think that if a Bath or Calenture ſo afflict, how ſhalt thou endure that River of Fire? When thou ſhalt ſee any thing great in this preſent Life, think preſently of the Kingdom of Heaven, and ſo thou ſhalt not value it much; and when thou ſhalt ſee any thing terrible, think on Hell, and thou wilt not be much moved; when the deſire of any Temporal thing ſhall afflict thee, think that the Pleaſure of it is of no eſtimation; if the fear of Laws, which are enacted here upon Earth, be of that force, that they are able to deter us from evil Actions; much more ought the thoughts of Eternal pain affright us: If we often think of Hell, we ſhall never fall into it.

We ought often to call to mind the Evils of the nex Life, that we may the more deſpiſe the Pleaſures of this; becauſe Temporal Felicityuſes often to end in Eternal Miſery. All that is precious in this World, Honour, Wealth, Fame, Pleaſure, all the ſplen-

ſplendor of the Earth is but a ſhadow, if we compare the ſmall duration of them with the Eternity of thoſe Torments in the other World.

Put all the Silver in the World together in one heap, all the Gold, all the precious Stones, Diamonds, Emeralds, with all other the richeſt Jewels; all the Triumphs of the *Romans*, all the Rarities and Dainties of the *Aſſyrians*, *&c.* all would deſerve to be of no other value than Dirt, if to be poſſeſſed with hazard of falling at laſt into the Pit of Hell. Let us call to mind that Sentence of our bleſſed Saviour, *What will it avail a Man to gain the whole World, if he loſe his Soul?* If they ſhould make us Lords and Maſters, I ſay, not of great Wealth, but of the whole World, we ſhould not admit of it with the leaſt hazard of being Damned for ever. Let one enjoy all the Contents and *Regales* imaginable, let him be raiſed to the higheſt pitch of Honour; let him Triumph with all the Greatneſs in the World; all this is but a Dream, if after this moral Life, he finds himſelf at length plung'd into Hell fire.

You may look upon a Wheel of Squibs and Fire-Works, which whilſt it moves, caſts forth a thouſand lights and ſplendors, with which the Beholders are much taken, but all at laſt ends in a little Smoke and

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burnt Paper; ſo it is, whilſt the Wheel of Felicities was in motion, according to the Style of S. *James*, that is to ſay, whilſt our Life laſts, its Fortune and Proſperity appears moſt Glorious, but ceaſing all comes to end in Smoke, and he that fares beſt in it, at laſt finds himſelf plunged into Hell.

When a Fever or ſome great unexpected change in a mans eſtate happens to him, it makes him to forget all his former contents in Health and Wealth; his Sickneſs and Adverſity ſo taking up the whole man, as that he hath no leiſure to imploy his thoughts upon any thing elſe; and if perhaps any paſſage of his former Condition chance to come to his mind, it gives him no ſatisfaction, but rather augments his pain; wherefore if temporal Evils, tho' very ſhort, are ſufficient to make former Felicities of many years vaniſh; what impreſſion will temporal Goods make in us, if we imploy our thoughts upon Eternal Evils? Beſides thoſe Torments, which are to be ſuffered hereafter without profit, may move in us to Husband the ſhort time of this Life moſt to our advantage: How many miſerable Souls now ſuffer thoſe Eternal Pains, for not employing one day in the Service of God? What would a Damned Soul give for one quarter of an hour

out of ſo many days and years which are loſt, and ſhall not have one inſtant allowed him? Thou who now liveſt and haſt time, loſe not that which imports thee ſo much, and once loſt can never be recovered. O miſerable Creatures! Who for having loſt a ſhort ſpace of time, loſe an Eternity of Felicity; they come to know too late the importance of that which they have loſt, and ſhall never come to regain it; let us now make uſe of that time, whilſt we may gain Eternity, and let us not loſe that with pleaſure, which cannot be recover'd with grief.

Laſtly, Let us draw, from the conſideration of Hell, a perfect hatred to all mortal Sin, ſince from the Evil of Sin proceeds the Evil of Pain: Terrible is the Evil of Sin, ſince it cannot be ſatisfied even with Eternal Flames.

CHAP. X.

The infinite Guilt of Mortal Sin, by which we loſe the felicity of Heaven, and fall into Eternal Evils.

SO Foul and horrid is a Mortal Sin in its own Nature, that though it paſt only in thought, and none knew it but God,

God, and he who committed it, and which endured no longer than an inſtant, yet it deſerves the Torments of Hell for all Eternity; for by how much greater is the Majeſty of God, which is deſpiſed, by ſo much greater is the injury offer'd him; and therefore as the Majeſty of God, which is deſpiſed by Sin, is infinite, ſo the deſpite of it muſt contain in it ſelf a certain kind of Infinity: By how much greater is the Reverence due to a Perſon, by ſo much greater is the Diſreſpect and Affront offered him. And as to God there is due an infinite Reverence, ſo the injury done him, is of an inexplicable Malice, which by no Good Works of a meer Creature, how many and great ſoever, can be expiated. So great is the malignity of a Mortal Sin, that being put into the Ballance of Divine Juſtice, it would outweigh all the Good Works of all the Saints, although they were a thouſand times more and greater than they are; becauſe the good works with which God is honoured by his Saints, altho' in themſelves great in value, yet in reſpect of God, unto whom they add nothing, and who is nothing bettered by them, they are not valuable; unto whoſe Divine Goodneſs, not only they, but infinitely more, and greater, are but a Debt: But for God

to be deſpiſed by his Creature, who by infinite titles is obliged to ſerve him, and ought to reverence him with an infinite Honour, is a thing ſo highly repugnant to his Majeſty, that if God were capable of Grief, would more afflict him, than all the pious Actions of the Saints content him: Certainly amongſt Men the Honour which is given to one who deſerves it, takes not ſo much, as a contempt done unto him, who merits it not: A King values not much the Honour which is given him by his Vaſſals, becauſe he takes it not for a Courteſie, but a Duty; but to be affronted and ſcorned by one, eſpecially whom he had favour'd with his Benefits, ſticks near unto his Heart; for not only Kings, but all Men think Honour due unto them, and diſreſpect an Injury. There is no reſentment among Men ſo quick, as that of diſhonour; nor any thing which cauſes more Grief and Vexation: If ſome Perſon of Quality ſhould have his Hat pluckt off from his Head in ſcorn, and receive a dozen of Baſtinado's from ſome baſe Fellow, that affront would not be recompenſed, although a thouſand ſhould put off their Caps to him, and kiſs his Hand.

By this may appear the irreverence and great incivility towards God in a Mortal Sin:

Sin: Inſomuch as S. *Paul* calls it, *kicking or ſpurning the Son of God*; this is the reaſon why it was neceſſary that God ſhould become Man, being the Divine Juſtice could not be appeaſed with leſs than the Satisfaction of a Divine Perſon; let thoſe therefore ceaſe to marvel, that a momentary Sin ſhould be puniſhed with Eternal Torments; who ſee that for Sin God was made Man, and Died for Man; and certainly, it is a far greater wonder, that God ſhould die for the Sin of another, than that Man ſhould for his own Sin ſuffer an Eternal Puniſhment: And if the malice of Sin be ſo exorbitant, that nothing could ſatisfie for it, leſs than God; it's nothing ſtrange that that which hath no limit nor bound in Evil, ſhould have no limit in Puniſhment; but ſhould exceed all Time, and be Eternal. And if a Treaſon committed againſt a Temporal Prince be chaſtiſed with loſs of Life and Goods of the Traitor, and with the Puniſhment alſo of his Poſterity, which, in as much as concerns the Prince, is Eternal; why ſhould not the Offence of a vile Worm againſt his Creator, be Tormented with Eternal Pains? The Greatneſs of Honour decreaſes and grows leſs, according to the Heighth and Dignity of the Perſon Honoured; ſo as that Honour

which done to an ordinary Person would seem excessive, given unto a Prince is nothing: And on the contrary, the greatness of an Injury rises and grows higher, according to the worth of him who is injured; so as God, who is infinite being the person offended, deserves that the injury done unto him should be chastised with a punishment equal to the duration of his Being, and needs that he who satisfies for it should be a person of infinite worth and perfection, voluntarily undertaking to put himself into the sinners place, and to suffer in his stead.

And as Sin is grievous in its own Nature, so it is much engreatned by the circumstances which attend it: Let us consider who it is that sins, it's a most vile and wretched Man, who presumes to lift up his hands against his Creator: And what is Man, but a Vessel of Dung, a stink of Corruption, and by birth a Slave of the Devil? and yet he dares offend his Maker. An Offence against God were most grievous; though from another God (if it were possible) infinite and equal to it self; but that his Creature should be so insolent aginst his Omnipotent Lord, is beyond amazement. But what is that which a sinner does when

when he offends? It is, according to St. *Anselm*, an endeavour to pluck the Crown from the head of God, and place it upon his own; it is, according to the Apostle, to *Crucifie again the Lord of Life.* If any of these things were attempted against a Majesty upon Earth, it were enough to make the Offenders flesh to be pluck'd off with Pincers; to have him torn in pieces with wild Horses; to pull down his house, and sow the place with Salt, and make his whole Linage infamous. If such an Offence were committed by one man against another, betwixt whom the difference is not great, being both equal in Nature, it were very hainous; what shall it deserve, being committed against God the Lord and Creator of all, whose immense greatness is infinitely distant from the Nature of his Creature? O good God! who is able to express what a Sinner doth against thee and himself! He despises thy Majesty, razes out thy Law from his heart, contemns thy Justice, scorns thy Threats, despises thy Promises, makes a solemn renunciation of thy Glory, thou hast promised him; and all to bind himself an eternal Slave to Satan, desiring rather to please thine Enemy than thee; who art his Father, his Friend, and all his Good;

desiring rather to die Eternally by displeasing thee, than to enjoy Heaven for ever by serving thee.

Let us now see where, and in what place a Sinner presumes to Sin, and be a Traytor unto God; its even in his own World, in his own House; and knowing that his Creator looks upon him, he offends him; if a Sin were committed where God could not see it, it were yet an enormous fault; but to do an injury to his Creator before his Face, what an unspeakable impudence is it? If he who Sins could go into another World, where God did not inhabit, and there in secret under the Earth should Sin after such a manner, as only himself should know it; yet it were a great boldness; but to Sin in his own House, which is this World what Hell doth it not deserve? For a man only to lay his Hand upon his Sword in the Palace of a King is Capital, and deserves Death. For a Sinner then by his Sins to Spurn and Crucifie the Son of God, in the House of his Father, and before his Face what Understanding can conceive the greatness of such a Malice? And therefore *David* with reason dissolved himself into Tears because he had Sinned in the presence of God, and with a grief, which pierced his Heart, cried out, *I have done Evil before*

before thee. Beſides this, we not only Sin againſt God in his own Houſe, but even in his Arms; whilſt we are upheld by his Omnipotency: If there were a Son ſowicked, who whilſt he was cheriſht in his Mother's Boſom, ſhould ſtrike her, and endeavour to Kill her, every one would think that a moſt impious Child; how then dares Man offend God, who ſuſtains, preſerves, and hath redeemed him?

The heinouſneſs of this Malice in Sin is much augmented by the helps which a Sinner uſes to effect it; for he turns thoſe very Divine Benefits which he hath received from God, againſt him who gave them: The ſenſe which Men uſually have of Ingratitude, is moſt apprehenſive; if to forget a benefit be ingratitude to deſpiſe it is an injury; but to uſe it againſt the Benefactor, I know not what, to call it: This does he who Sins, making uſe of thoſe Creatures which God Created for his Service, to offend him; and converts his Divine Benefits into Arms againſt God himſelf. What could we ſay, if a King to honor his Soldier ſhould make him a Knight, Arm him with his own Arms, ſhould girt his Sword about him with his own Hands, and that the Soldier ſo ſoon as he was poſſeſſed of the Sword, ſhould draw it againſt

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the King and Murther him? This wickedneſs which ſeems impoſſible amongſt Men, is ordinary in Man towards God; who being honoured ſo many ways by his Creator, and enriched with ſo many Benefits, as much as in him lies, bereaves God of his Honour, and deſires to bereave him of his Life; his Underſtanding, which he received from God, he uſes in finding out a way to Execute his Sin; with his Hands he performs it, and with all his power offends him who gave them.

But if we ſhall conſider why Man does this; it is a Circumſtance which will amaze us at the Malice of it: Why doth a Sinner thus offend againſt his God? Wherefore does he deſpiſe his Creator? Wherefore is he a Traytor unto the Lord of the World? Wherefore doth he abhor his Redeemer? What reaſon hath he for ſo monſtrous a Wickedneſs? It's only for a baſe and filthy Pleaſure, for a fooliſh fancy of Man, becauſe he will, and no more: O horrid inſolence! O mad fury of Men, which without a Cauſe, ſo grievouſly offend their Creator: And by their Sins provoke ſo good and gracious a God!

The manner alſo of our Sinning would aſtoniſh any, who ſhould ſeriouſly conſider it; it is with ſo much Impudence, Pride, and

and contempt of God, after having heard ſo many Examples of his Chaſtiſements executed upon Sinners; after having ſeen that the moſt Beautiful and Glorious of all the Angels, and with him innumerable others were thrown from Heaven, and made Firebrands in Hell for one Sin; and that only in thought: After having ſeen the firſt Man for one Sin baniſhed from the Paradiſe of Pleaſure, into this Valley of Tears; deſpoiled of ſo many ſupernatural Endowments; and Condemned to Death; after having known that ſo many have been Damned for their offences; after that the Son of God had ſuffered upon the Croſs for our Sins; after all this, to Sin, is an impudence never heard of, and an intollerable contempt of the Divine Juſtice.

Beſides, what greater Scorn and Contempt of God than this? that God, who is worthy of all Honour and Love; and the Devil, who is our profeſſed Enemy; pretending both to our Souls, the one to ſave them, the other to torment them in Eternal Flames, yet we adhere to Satan, and prefer him before Chriſt our Saviour and Redeemer, and that ſo much to our prejudice, as by the loſs of Eternal Glory, and captivating our ſelves unto Eteral Torments

Torments and Slavery? The manner alſo of Sinning aggravates the Sin, as the Sinner doth, by loſing thereby Eternal Happineſs; tho he who Sins much loſt nothing, yet the offence againſt God were great: But well knowing, the great damages and Puniſhments likewiſe that attend Sin, and the evident hazard he runs, and yet to Sin, is a ſtrange impudency. If we ſhall conſider when it is that we Sin, we ſhall find this Circumſtance no leſs to aggravate our Offences than the former: Becauſe we now Sin, when we know that the Son of God was nailed unto the Croſs, that we ſhould not Sin; when we know that God was incarnate for us, humbled himſelf to be made Man, and ſubjected himſelf unto Death, even the Death of the Croſs for our Redemption: To Sin after we had ſeen God ſo good and obliging unto us, with thoſe not to be imagined favours, is a Circumſtance which ought much to be pondered in our Hearts, and might make us forbear the offending of ſo loving a Father. And that Chriſtian who Sins after all this, is to be eſteemed worſe than a Devil: For the Devil never Sinned againſt that God, who had ſhed his Blood for him, or who had pardoned ſo much as one Sin of his: When thoſe Sinned who were under the

the Law of Nature, they had not ſeen the Son of God die for their Salvation, as a Chriſtian hath; and there is no doubt but Chriſtians will deſerve new Torments, and greater than thoſe who have not had the knowledge of God, nor receive ſo many benefits from him.

Let us conſider about what Sin is committed, and we do offend God; It's about complying with a ſenſual guſt, which in the end bereaves us of Health, of Honour, of Subſtance, and even of Pleaſure it ſelf; ſuffering many days of grief for a moment Delight; about things of the Earth, which are Vile and Tranſitory; and about goods of the World, which are falſe, ſhort, and deceitful: What would we ſay, if for a thing of ſo ſmall value as a ſtraw, one Man ſhould kill another? No more than a ſtraw are all the Felicities of the World, in reſpect of thoſe of Heaven; and for a thing of ſo ſmall conſideration, we are Traytors to God, and crucifie Chriſt again; and that a Thouſand times, as often as we Sin mortally againſt him.

Laſtly, conſider whom we offend; it's God, who is moſt Perfect, moſt Wiſe, Immenſe, Omnipotent, and Infinite, we Sin againſt him who infinitely Loves us, who ſuffers us, who heaps his benefits and rewards

wards upon us; to do Evil to those who make much of them, even wild Beasts abhor it; what is it then for thee to injure him, who loved thee more than himself? Who hath done thee all good, that thou shouldest do no Evil? Fear then this Lord, reverence his Majesty, love his Goodness, and offend him no more: Sin is so Evil, that it's every way Evil; behold it on every side, it still seems worse. It is not only Evil, as it's an injury to God, but it's Evil in it self, in it's own Nature; for if there were no God, or that God were not offended with it, yet it were a most horrid evil, the greatest of all evils, and the cause of all evils. In regard of this deformity and filthiness of sin, the Philosophers judged it to be abhorred above all things; and those who denied the Immortality of the Soul, and the Providence of God, affirmed that nothing should make them commit it; and there having been some amongst them, who have suffered great extremities to avoid a vicious Act; *Damocles*, as *Plutarch* writes, chose rather to be boiled in scalding Water than to consent to a filthy Act; for which reason is *Hippo* celebrated amongst the Greek Matrons, who chose rather to die than offend: These were Gentiles, who saw not Hell open

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for the puniſhment of ſinners, nor fled from ſin, becauſe it was an Offence unto God; but only for the enormity and filthineſs it had in it ſelf; this made them endure Priſons and Tortures, rather than admit it: What ſhould Chriſtians then do, who know how much Sin is offenſive to God! Certainly, they ought rather to give a thouſand lives, than once to injure their Creator by committing an Offence, which not only Gentiles, but even Nature hath in horror, which hath planted in brute Beaſts, although they cannot ſin, yet a natural averſion from that which looks like ſin.

Pliny admires the force of Lightning which melts the Gold and Silver, and leaves the Purſe, which contains it, untouch'd; ſuch is Sin, which kills the Soul, and leaves the Body ſound and active; it's a flaſh of Lightning ſent from Hell, and ſuch leaves the Soul which it hath blaſted.

Sin, though it were the beſt thing of the World, yet for the evil effects it produces, it ought to be avoided more than Death; it bereaves the Soul of Grace, baniſhes the Holy Ghoſt, deprives it of the right of Heaven; makes him unworthy of Divine Protection, and condemns a ſinner

ſinner unto Eternal Torments in the other World, and in this to many Diſaſters, for there is neither Plague, War, Famin, nor infirmity of Body, whereof Sin hath not been in ſome ſort the occaſion. And therefore thoſe who weep for their Afflictions, let them change the Object of their Tears, and weep for the cauſe, which is their ſin.

I will therefore from henceforth reſolve, that although I were certain that Men ſhould not know my ſins, and that God would pardon them; yet I will not offend for the very filthineſs of Sin.

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